This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

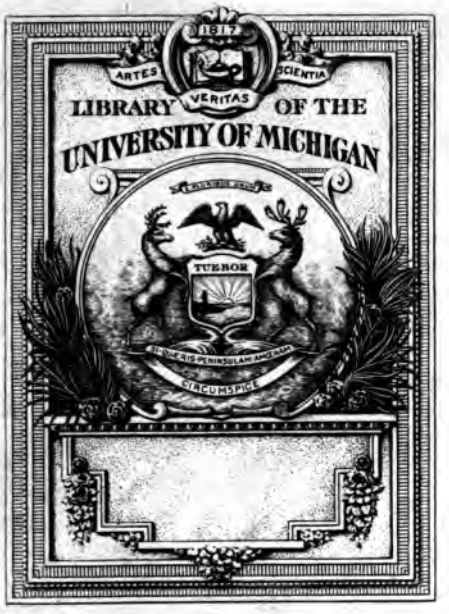
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

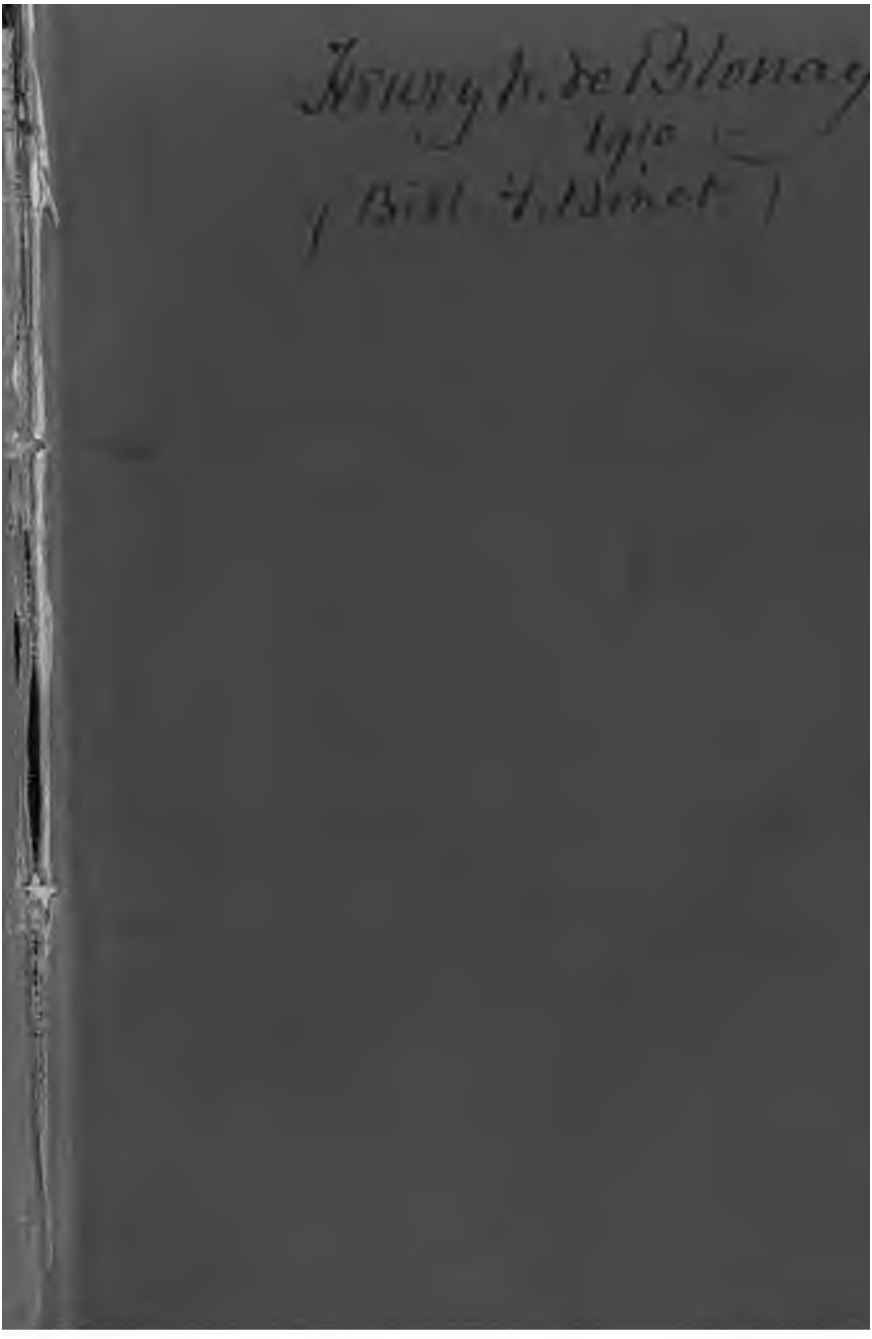
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 766,653


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE



Madame Bine
with kind love from W. G. J. Rosen
Oct. 8 1 6

A RESIDENCE

AT

VIENNA AND BERLIN

1805–6

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

JOURNAL

OF

A RESIDENCE

AT

VIENNA AND BERLIN

IN THE EVENTFUL WINTER

1805–6

BY

THE LATE HENRY REEVE, M.D.

PUBLISHED BY HIS SON

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1877

All rights reserved

DB
854
.R33

INTRODUCTION.

I am led to print these fragments of my Father's Journal by the reflection that time gives some value to contemporary impressions, however slight, of great historical events, and that social intercourse with men who have left a name in arts or letters is never wholly devoid of interest. The author of these pages, written seventy years ago, without the least idea of publication, either then or afterwards, found himself in Austria during the most memorable and brilliant of the campaigns of NAPOLEON. *He saw the great conqueror on the morrow of Austerlitz; he had the good fortune to be introduced to* HAYDN, *to be present when* BEETHOVEN *conducted 'Fidelio,' to hear* HUMBOLDT *relate his travels and* FICHTE *lecture on his philosophy, and to meet a great number of persons worthy of note at a time when the Continent was thought to be entirely closed against English travellers. Perhaps this circumstance may*

justify me in the attempt to rescue this little record from entire oblivion.

The writer of these pages, born in September 1780, *was the second son of* ABRAHAM REEVE, *Esq., of Hadleigh, in the county of Suffolk. His mother was* ELIZABETH, *eldest daughter of Dr.* WALLACE, *Rector of the parish of Messing, in the county of Essex. The family, originally from Maldon, had inhabited for some generations the pleasant border land of those two Eastern counties, and young* REEVE *was sent to Dedham School, situated upon the river Stour, which divides them. He studied under Dr.* GRIMWOOD, *and was early remarked for the excellence of his Latinity. Amongst his forefathers on the* WALLACE *side there had always been a physician. A diploma is still in existence of a Dr.* JOHN WALLACE, *who graduated at Padua in* 1628 *under* FABRICIUS AB AQUAPENDENTE, *and may have heard the lectures of* GALILEO. *In the last century the physicians of the family practised in Ipswich, where they are buried in St. Helen's Church. A physician therefore their descendant was to become, and he never seems to have doubted his vocation. At sixteen he was placed at Norwich to study surgery and anatomy under Mr.* PHILIP MEADOWS MARTINEAU, *justly celebrated throughout the Eastern counties for his skill as an operator and his knowledge of physic. At twenty he removed to the University of Edinburgh, then perhaps at the most*

brilliant period of its existence. In addition to the lectures of Dr. GREGORY *on Medicine, of* MUNRO *and* BARCLAY *on Anatomy, he followed the courses of Dr.* RUTHERFORD *on Botany, Mr.* HOPE *on Chemistry, Mr.* COVENTRY *on Rural Economy, and above all that of Professor* DUGALD STEWART *on Moral Philosophy, from whom it was said that he caught something of the grace and elegance with which he afterwards attempted to convey to others what he had himself learned. Nor were his associates of his own age, or somewhat beyond his own age, less remarkable. He became intimate with* FRANCIS HORNER *and* LORD DAER, *well acquainted with* HENRY BROUGHAM *and* SYDNEY SMITH, *conversant with the society which at that very time originated the* Edinburgh Review. *That was in the autumn of* 1802, *when* REEVE *had barely completed his twenty-second year. He contributed to the first numbers of that Journal, an article on* PINEL'S '*Treatment of the Insane*,' *and a paper* '*On Population*.' *In the* Edinburgh Medical Journal *he wrote more frequently on professional subjects.*

In November 1802 *he was elected a member of the* '*Speculative Society of Edinburgh*'—*a body of young collegians who met weekly to debate questions of literature and politics, but who counted amongst their members not a few names destined to be illustrious in after-life. Lord* HENRY PETTY,

BROUGHAM, HORNER, *Lord* KINNAIRD, CHARLES *and* ROBERT GRANT, JEFFREY, HENRY COCKBURN, JOHN MURRAY, MACKENZIE, ALEXANDER MACONOCHIE (*afterwards Lord* MEADOWBANK), *were members of that society. I observe that one of the questions proposed for discussion on March* 15, 1803, *by Mr.* REEVE, *was this: 'Ought Government to interfere at all in regulating the education of youth?' Even at that early period the cause of popular education had enlisted his warm and constant sympathy. The thesis Dr.* REEVE *wrote for his degree was entitled 'De Animalibus in hyeme sopitis;' and in* 1809 *he published an Essay on the 'Torpidity of Animals'—a phenomenon which never ceased to engage his attention.*

Having taken his M.D. degree in 1803, *he proceeded to London, rather to continue his studies than to exercise his profession. In London he appears at once, thanks to the social relations of his friends in Norfolk and in Edinburgh, to have had access to the society he preferred. I find by his letters that he was cordially received at the hospitable board of Messrs.* LONGMAN *in Paternoster Row, where he met the elder* DISRAELI *on one day and* COLERIDGE *on another. Mr.* DAVY, *with whom he struck up a rapid friendship, showed him his experiments at the Royal Institution, and presented him to the great autocrat of science Sir* JOSEPH BANKS. *In the house of Mrs.* BARBAULD *and her accomplished*

brother Dr. AIKIN *he found a ready welcome; and I even trace him to a ball given by a lady of fashion, which was less to his taste.*

But these attractions did not decide him to settle in London, or even to prolong his residence there. The most intimate of his Edinburgh friends had been Dr. DE ROCHES, *a Swiss student, who graduated in medicine about the same time; and upon the return of this gentleman to Geneva, Dr.* REEVE *resolved to accompany him, although since the rupture of the peace of Amiens the expedition was not altogether an easy or a safe one. In the spring of* 1805, *the two friends set off together by way of Husum, through Lubeck, Magdeburg, and Frankfort. At Neuchâtel Dr.* REEVE *spent several months to perfect himself in the French language; it was just before Neuchâtel was ceded by Prussia, and converted into a French principality for Marshal* BERTHIER. *Under the shelter of an American passport he even ventured for a few days upon the soil of Geneva, then part of the territory of France. In the course of these wanderings, Dr.* REEVE *formed an acquaintance with the family of Mr.* ACKLOM, *who were travelling homewards from Italy, and they agreed to make the voyage down the Danube together. In the earlier portion of this Journal there is little or nothing of importance, and I therefore omit it. But from the departure for Vienna, on the eve, as it turned out, of a most abrupt and terrible campaign,*

which encircled the travellers on every side, I think the narrative acquires some interest.

Shortly after his return to England, Dr. REEVE *settled as a physician in the city of Norwich, and married there. He continued to devote himself with energy and intelligence to his professional pursuits and duties, and he was elected a physician to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital; but his health failed, and just as he had entered upon his thirty-fifth year an insidious organic disease terminated his life. He died at his father's house at Hadleigh on September* 27, 1814.

It would not become me to attempt to retrace the character of a parent whom it is my misfortune not to have known; but I may venture to borrow the concluding words of an address delivered on October 6, 1814, *to the Philosophical Society of Norwich by Mr.* WILLIAM TAYLOR, *the author of the 'Survey of German Poetry,' in memory of a friend to whom he was warmly attached:—'Dr.* REEVE'S *mind shed a light equally the reverse of obscurity and of splendour; neither flashy nor intermittent; which cleared without dazzling; day, rather than sunshine; a steady serenity aiming less at effect than at truth. No form of personal character is so difficult to delineate with precision as one where there was hardly anything of excess or defect, and where a natural proportionate value was set on the luxuries, on the affections, on the virtues, on the talents. Sir* JOSHUA

REYNOLDS, *in his "Discourse on Art," observes that the average or middle form of human nature is at once nearest to beauty and most difficult to seize with the pencil; and it is so with good sense in the human character.'*

The following inscription, from the pen of Dr. FRANK SAYERS, *was placed on a tablet in the Octagon Chapel, Norwich:—*

B · M ·
HENRICI · REEVE · M · D ·
VIRI
SCIENTIA · INGENIO · VIRTVTE
ET · MORIBVS · GRATISSIMIS
ORNATI
QVI · ARTEM · SVAM · IN · HAC · VRBE
FELICITER · EXERCEBAT
DONEC · ACRI · MORBO · DIVTVRNO · QVE
IMPLICITVS
ALIORVM · TAMEN · COMMODIS
NIHILO · SEGNIVS · INSERVIENS
IPSE · OCCVBVIT
V · ID · SEPTEMBR ·
ANN · CHRIST · CIↃ · IↃCCC · XIIII · AET · XXXV ·
SVSANNA · CONIVX · EIVS
H · M · HONORAR · P · C ·

DR REEVE'S JOURNAL

Vienna, Monday, September 30, 1805.—We arrived here to-day from Ratisbon after a ten days' voyage down the Danube, three of which were passed at inns on the banks of the river, on account of bad weather. Our party was agreeable in every respect, and the man-cook contributed much to our comfort on board, for we had cold turkey, cold fowls, cold beef and tongue, and hot beef-steaks and potatoes, and stewed plums and pears every day. Mr. and Mrs. Acklom, with their only daughter and four servants, I and my Swiss servant with our *et ceteras*, formed the party. Mr. Acklom is a well-informed man, a scholar and accomplished gentleman; he is a man of good family and fortune in Nottinghamshire, descended from Cromwell's family in a right

The Acklom family.

line in the fifth generation, and Mrs. Acklom is of the family of Ludlow, one of the judges of King Charles, a circumstance only to be mentioned for the singular coincidence. Mr. Acklom has travelled a great deal all his life; he is a friend of the Ellis family, and his father was intimate with Sir George Saville, a Whig of the old fashion, still living at the age of eighty. Mr. Acklom is very polished in his manners and liberal in his opinions; superior to the generality of country gentlemen, though sometimes sinking down to that level in some of his notions and sentiments. Mrs. Acklom is an Irish lady, a relation of Lord Bandon's, modest and genteel, and obliging; and Miss Acklom, a good-looking girl of sixteen, with all the bashfulness and diffidence which girls at that age ought to feel when not spoiled and tortured into formality and prim precision by lady-abbesses and systems of education.[1] She

[1] Nine years later, in 1814, Miss Acklom, whose Christian name was Esther, married John, Viscount Althorp, afterwards third Earl Spencer. She had then succeeded by the death of her father to the family estate of Wiseton, and there a considerable portion of their married life was spent, for Lady Althorp was devotedly attached to the place, lonely as it was, and Lord Althorp shared all her tastes. Their

is quite adored by her parents, being the only child, and she has enjoyed great advantages, having been abroad with her father and mother already two years, in which time they have travelled through France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and spent several months in the principal towns of each kingdom. I consider myself fortunate in meeting such agreeable companions, and I experience the greatest attention and politeness from them. They are acquainted with some of the first people at Vienna, and lodgings were already taken for them at 350 florins per month. These friends had been with them at Carlsbad. The lodgings were not quite ready, and we were all obliged to go to an inn; but the inns were said to be quite full, and after waiting two hours in the boat, rooms were found at the 'White Bull,' called one of the principal inns of the place, but in reality

happiness in marriage was complete, but it was unhappily of short duration. In the fourth year of their union Lady Althorp died in London after giving birth to a still-born son. She continued to correspond occasionally with Dr. Reeve, for whom she entertained a sincere friendship, and he saw her in London in the summer of 1814, shortly after her marriage. Dr. Reeve died in the autumn of that year.

one of the worst in Christendom, as the sequel of this journal will show. The landlord is a reputed knave and cheat, as other travellers have found to their cost.

Tuesday, October 1.—Sent to the post-office for letters, but none were there for me; one, however, from my mother was waiting at Dr. De Carro's. The first things to be done on entering a town where you propose to stay some time are to seek for letters and lodgings, and to deliver your credentials for the good offices of the inhabitants. I hired a room in Müller's Buildings (Müllerishen Gebäude), called the *Rothenthurm*, a large handsome building erected by a man on speculation; the lower part is a show-room for wax-work, and the other parts are appropriated for lodgings; the two ends are wings and form a suite of apartments for families. Mr. Acklom has one of these: the windows command a view of the Danube and of the public walk the *Prater*. I engaged to pay thirty-six florins per month, and everything but firing and candles to be furnished for me. The lady-director of this establishment purchased a new bed and pair of drawers, and

Lodgings in Vienna.

sported a new covering for the sofa for *Monsieur l'Anglois*, and was the more attentive on account of my having arrived with Mr. Acklom, whom they style *milord* to our amusement.

I went to the opera and heard some good singing; the music was Mozart's; the story stupid enough, but rich in duets and trios which were exquisite. Germany is certainly the land for instrumental music.

Wednesday.—Went to the police office and answered many questions: married or unmarried? Catholic or Protestant? age, character, &c.; then I had a ticket given me for eight days, in which time I was desired to get Mr. Geymüller the banker and the physician at the hospital to testify that I had been really and truly presented to them as Dr. Reeve. All this formality is quite ridiculous, though it costs nothing but time and demands patience. Mr. Geymüller seems to think the war[1] an unfortunate circumstance for Germany. There being no trade sufficient

[1] War was declared between France and Austria in August 1805. On September 23, Napoleon went in state to the Senate, where he delivered an harangue against the Coalition. He then immediately proceeded to Strasburg to

to bring money into the country, money is very scarce; nothing but paper is to be seen, and that is below par, *ex. gr.* a pound sterling is worth now 12 fl. 12 kreutzer, whereas if cash was plentiful it would only be worth 9 fl. 11 k. Professor Schreiber was ill in bed; two other persons to whom I had letters were out of town.

A Vienna landlord.

I demanded my bill at the inn, and the landlord had the impudence to charge six florins for my bed for one night only. I refused to pay this; he seized my carriage and would not allow it to leave his house till the whole of our account was paid, Mr. Acklom having come to his lodgings and proposed settling the bill to-day. Every article in that was equally exorbitant: twenty-eight florins for six rooms for one night! The truth was the landlord is a drunken rascal, and hoped to pluck us for a week: he was so hurt at our staying so short a time that he determined to charge double for everything. A furious war of words ensued. I quitted the house with my trunks, which I got leave to take

join the army, which was already moving by rapid marches from the camp at Boulogne to the Danube.

away after some difficulty, and left my carriage in pawn.

I dined with Mr. Acklom *en famille*, and went with him in the evening to drink tea with the family of Boissier, an English gentleman married to a French lady, who has lived most of his life abroad. An Italian abbé came in and gave us a particular account of the late earthquake at Naples, which has been dreadful. Every house in Naples has been split in some parts, and many hundreds of people were killed at one place; the water in the pumps in the town became muddy and sulphurous; some of them continued so, others regained their transparency and good qualities. Mount Vesuvius broke out at three fresh openings one below another on one side of the mountain, and the lava destroyed some hundred acres of fertile land planted with vines. The king has ordered a particular account to be drawn up and published by authority.

Earthquake and eruption at Naples.

Saturday, October 5.—Dined with Dr. De Carro:[1] the Dr. lives in comfortable style

[1] Dr. De Carro was a Genevese by birth, but established as a physician in Vienna. Dr. Reeve was recommended to

in a third storey; he is married to a second wife and her mother lives with them; he has two children by his first wife and two by the second, who pretends to be a fine lady, and her mother endeavours to conceal the ill-nature which is written in large characters on her face. To me, however, they were very civil. We all went together to the opera in the evening. Whilst I was at De Carro's, a singular adventure took place. A lady and her daughter brought a letter of introduction from De Carro's brother at Geneva. She was going to Moscow to place her daughter in some nobleman's family as companion, and proposed to give a concert at Vienna *en passant*, as Mamselle plays the harp. However, in coming down the Danube in the ordinary boat from Ulm, their destiny was altered. A gentleman who calls himself *Count Hendel* from the Tyrol was of the party, fell desperately in love with the daughter and offered to marry her directly. He was willing to settle something handsome upon her, and to make any acknowledgment to the mother.

A matrimonial adventure.

him by their mutual friends at Geneva and by their common profession.

He presented his certificate and papers, showing him to be all that he professed, and besides a count a major in the army. The mother came to ask De Carro's advice. She was accompanied by two of the company in the boat, a young abbé and a professor of belles lettres, who aided and assisted in this affair. All the circumstances were fully related before us all, *nine* in company; each offered his opinion on the question. One said he must be an impostor, another said he must be mad, and all said it was strange and romantic. The count was demanded, and sent for; he came and corroborated everything that had been stated, and talked of his sister and family which was known to some of this *council of marriage.* A reference was to be made to some other count from the Tyrol, and after two hours' most amusing conversation, the motley party went away and left us to laugh at the oddity of this incident. The mother is a plain Genevoise; her daughter a pretty little creature just fifteen, with something very engaging in her countenance and manners. She behaved with great simplicity and propriety during the whole

of this interesting discussion. This courtship was only *four* days long, and the parties seemed as amorous as a German baron can be, and a lively French girl always is, who begins to have feelings of which she does not well understand the meaning. The baron said he was seven-and-twenty though he looked ten years older, and he was meanly dressed and had a very suspicious appearance. Thus remained the mystery till the next day, when the history of Count Hendel was confirmed by another count, who could certify to every part of it except respecting his fortune, of which he knew nothing. This report satisfied the mother, and away the party went to the bishop; for it must be known when the article of religion was stated as an objection in the *council of marriage*, the mother observed that was of no weight, for her daughter had changed her religion and resolved to become a Catholic. All matters were thus put in order, and the mother seemed as anxious as the count to have the marriage contract signed and sealed. The bishop, however, refused to grant a license without the consent of the bride's father, as she was not of age.

In Hungary this is not necessary, so away they flew to Presburg to be married according to the forms of the Catholic Church.

I went with De Carro and family to the opera and ballet: the opera dull and uninteresting; the dancing of two sisters Da Carro and Taglioni (a man) very good.

A ventriloquist.

October 6.—At half-past twelve went to hear a *ventriloquist* exhibit. He is a Frenchman from Paris, said to be the same or in company with Fitz James. He is a stout elderly man, endowed with great powers of face as well as of voice, for he could imitate different grinning faces, and grin on one side of his face and cry on the other at the same time. I had a very good idea of the singular effect produced by ventriloquism, as it is called. It seems produced solely by modifying the tones of the voice and perhaps uttering some sounds during the state of inspiration. The movements of this man's lips were visible on observing him narrowly, and he spoke on one side of his mouth and bowed his head to escape being seen. The sick man in bed with his servant, the chimney-sweeper, the servant at the door, the miller and his wife, the chace,

the cry of hounds, were very well imitated. Gough's theory appeared to me to be very well founded and to explain the phenomena satisfactorily. Several hundred people were in the Salle de Redoute, but the room was too large and too much crowded to observe the artist well.

A Vienna dinner-party.

Dined at Mr. Boissier's; met Count Lambert, Baron F. Barthes and his wife (a rich banker) and his father-in-law, and Mr. Acklom. Count Lambert is a well-informed man; he was ambassador at Naples for many years, is very rich, and has one of the completest collection of vases and pictures in Europe. Mr. Boissier sported his wit and his wine most bountifully, and liqueurs in abundance, among the rest excellent Bordeaux, Madeira, Del Capro and Rota (a curious Spanish wine). The conversation was not very alive nor very interesting; this dinner-party resembled other dinner-parties, with the same polite and stiff good-humour and trite topics as prevail in every place. The language employed was French. [illegible] German language is seldom or ne[illegible] in the best co[illegible]

of quality pride themselves on speaking French or Italian, and, with the vanity of knowing many languages, they are acquainted very little with any. The pronunciation of the Vienna German is harsh and unpleasant to the ear, and therefore is avoided by only employing it for the servants. Abatti the abbé, who lives with Count Lambert, came in the evening, and we played a rubber of whist. The count was my partner and he plays a good game. Mr. Boissier was originally of a Genevese family, but his father settled in England, and some of his brothers are now there. He is a droll little man, quite a caricature, lame, squint-eyed, old, stutters very much, crabbed, caustic and satirical; his wife is an agreeable good creature and has been very handsome. His daughter is a sensible woman near thirty, rather plain than pretty, with a good mixture of English and foreign manners. The whole family seem to be of the ...ber of wonderers and great admirers; ... ...i as a very learned ... little of very few ...ount Lambert as ...d he would not

talk; so they discussed his pictures and vases without knowing anything about either; yet withal they are *pleasant people*, as the world says, and they keep open house every evening from six o'clock to nine, for their friends to go and see them.

Count Lambert's gallery.

Tuesday, October 8.—Went with Mr. Acklom and family this forenoon to look at Count Lambert's pictures and vases. Several rooms are filled with paintings by the most celebrated masters: several of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Claude Lorraine, Vernet, Wouvermann and Murillo, and Rachael Ruysch. A large picture of Wouvermann's, two boys at play by Murillo, and the flowers by Rachael Ruysch (a woman) were among the best of the collection. One large room was entirely filled with vases dug up in Italy, some of them presented by the late Emperor Joseph, and others sent from Naples during the time of the disturbances. The whole together is one of the largest and completest collections that exist. The Count was very polite in showing us everything which he thought would interest us most. In his zeal to oblige the ladies he let fall a vase which

was broken into a thousand pieces to our great regret, but it was not very scarce, and could easily be replaced.

Mr. Mandeville, private secretary to Sir Arthur Paget, joined us at Count Lambert's; he is acquainted with the Boissiers, and we were soon acquainted with each other, though we had only met once before in the street.[1]

Wednesday, October 9.—Dined at Count Purgstall's at the Waring, about two miles from town. The Countess is the sister-in-law of Mr. Dugald Stewart; she is a clever woman, speaks broad Scotch, and thinks for herself.[2] I brought a letter from Mr. Wishaw

Countess Purgstall.

[1] Mr. Mandeville was an old friend of the family, for he too had relations at Hadleigh in Suffolk. I think he was educated at Dedham School, and I have heard him say that my grandfather, Abraham Reeve, would now and then tip him half-a-crown when he was a boy. Mr. Mandeville filled numerous diplomatic appointments; he resided in France during the war, with permission of the French Government, as agent for British prisoners; and he was eventually sent to Buenos Ayres, as British Minister to the Argentine Republic, under the rule of Rosas. After his return to England he was well known in London society, and died at a very advanced age in 1861. I am happy to say that the friendship which has so long existed between our families did not die with him, but has been continued to the fourth generation.

[2] This lady has been made known to the world at a more advanced period of her life, by Captain Basil Hall's amusing

and was kindly received. There was a party to dinner to-day: two young Danes, one a count, a bishop of Hungary, a Baron Sauer, and three lady relations of the family. The bishop and the Danes were going to attend the Diet at Presburg, for it seems the emperor always assembles the Diet of Hungary when he is in want of money and men. Dr. Capellini was one of the party too; I like him much; he seems a modest, intelligent man, with an open fine countenance; he succeeds to the elder Frank's business; he is an Italian, a pupil of Scarpa's and Frank's; he says he will come to England for a few months as soon as the war is ended.

Friday, October 11.—Went to the opera

account of his residence at her castle in Styria, Schloss Hainfeld, published in 1836. The writer of this Journal had followed the philosophical lectures of Professor Dugald Stewart, with great assiduity and delight, whilst he was prosecuting his medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, and he was well acquainted with the Professor, which was no doubt an additional recommendation. Countess Purgstall, whose name was Jane Anne Cranstoun, was the daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun, who died in 1788, and sister of George Cranstoun, Lord Corehouse, well known as an eminent Scottish judge. Her sister, Helen d'Arcy Cranstoun, became the second wife of Professor Dugald Stewart. A third sister, Margaret, married Mr. William Cunningham of Lamshow.

to hear *Crescentini* sing. It was an Italian historical opera called *Julius Sabinus*; the scenery better than the music. Crescentini has a remarkable fine clear voice, of vast compass and great power; he manages it with great taste. There was something very disgusting and unpleasant on his first coming on the stage; my feelings were shocked by hearing such a high shrill voice come from such a large stout tall man; the recollection, too, of what he is, added to the disturbed association. It was some time before I could get over a sort of repulsive dislike to the man, but by shutting my eyes and listening to the exquisite tones he uttered, I was highly gratified. He is certainly the finest *he-singer* I ever heard, but after all his voice is not worth the sacrifice; a woman, or a boy, or a man with a feigned voice, would answer the purpose just as well. And I am told it is not the fashion now, even in Italy, to resort to this brutal and inhuman practice for the sake of pleasing the ears of a refined audience. The other singers were very respectable. On this occasion the entrance money was raised, and I paid two florins for a seat in

A male soprano singer.

the Parterre noble, for which I had before paid 1 fl. 20 kr. and 1 fl. 36 kr. John Bull would not suffer this change of the price according to the entertainment, and the mob, as usual, are in the right.

A refractory valet.

Saturday, October 12.—A domestic grievance to record! Mr. Acklom's valet de chambre behaved so impudently and ill that his master was obliged to turn him out of the house last night, and to have him arrested and put into prison this morning. This afforded me an opportunity of knowing something about the police of Vienna, which appears very well regulated. There are several *commissaires* or officers of justice, who live at the police-office and have each the liberty of arresting any man, and putting him into prison on any complaint being lodged against him. The ceremony of rigid examination is disregarded, an *ipse dixit* is sufficient. England and Switzerland are the only two countries where the liberty of the subject is attended to and preserved. Monsieur le Commissaire is a very clever man, speaks four languages, and is quite *au fait* at this business. I had frequent conferences

with him, and was very much pleased with his conversation. He lives in a large room surrounded by his birds, one of which is a nightingale, and is so tame as to follow him about the chamber, and will eat out of his hand. This is a remarkable fact of the influence of domestic life on a bird naturally so abhorrent of society, 'so musical, so melancholy.' *Mister John* was put into prison and kept there two nights and two days; his pride was humbled in some measure, and it is to be hoped his conduct will be improved, for it has been as bad as possible. His master was obliged to dismiss him from his service, and to send him home; the only return he could in justice make to such a fellow after repeated offences during seventeen years' service.

Theatre in the Leopold Stadt.

October 13.—Went to a small theatre in the Leopold Stadt, the fourth theatre in this place, the Sadlers Wells or Astley's of Vienna. It is somewhat less than the Haymarket, neatly fitted up, the whole of the lower part appropriated for the Parterre; the first seats thirty kreutzer. A musical comic opera was performed, and several of the

songs encored by the mob, and opposed by the boxes; the gallery triumphed. The theatre was quite crowded, being Sunday night, the day of amusement. I could not help remarking how much alike *the people*, *the mob*, are, placed in similar circumstances, in every nation. The loud laugh at the jokes of a favourite comic actor, and the encoring some smutty vulgar songs, was quite in the style of the one-shilling gentlemen.

I will here note some miscellaneous observations I have made in Vienna. This city contains 400,000 inhabitants; the town itself within the ramparts is small, but the fauxbourgs are very extensive and have every appearance of a rich and numerous population.

Population of Vienna.

People of every nation, speaking almost every language, live here; a great many Greeks: by a law of the treaty of Passarowitch every Greek or Turk has a right to settle in Vienna and carry on trade without asking any permission of government or paying any tax. Every adventurer and extravagant knave avails himself of this privilege, and the Greeks at Vienna are the greatest rogues in

Christendom. It is a common proverb to say that *two Jews make one Greek.* All the finesse and natural sagacity of the character is expended in cheating each other and deceiving other people; some of them are very rich. They make fortunes by falsifying letters of exchange, and engage in commerce without any capital. Italians are here in great numbers, and some of this nation often appear before the police for lying and stealing; for breaking their word and promises they are renowned.

The police is very strict with regard to the conduct of chimney-sweepers and to the prevention of fires. When any house is on fire the emperor and his brothers are always among the first to be on the spot, mounted generally on horseback; this is said to be in consequence of an old law, which orders the king to watch over his people. At Constantinople the same custom prevails, and the people have an audience with their sovereign when their houses are in flames: setting fire to their houses is a common mode of bringing their complaints to his ears.

There are three good eating-houses

Eating-houses.

(*traiteurs*) at Vienna: two kept by Frenchmen, and the other lately fitted up by some rich men on speculation called *l'Impératrice Romaine.* The dining-room is very handsome, with an orchestra for music and brilliant lamps. The dinner is served by portions, and a man may dine exceedingly well for two or three florins, wine included (about four shillings). This is the Covent Garden coffee-house style and price.[1] At Villar's, a good dinner, consisting of from six to twelve different dishes, may be had from a florin to two florins without wine; the price of the dinner is fixed and the waiter brings you according to the sum you mention. Meunier's is a neat and cheap house. These chop-houses and taverns show the manners of the people. They are much like the English houses of the same kind with regard to conversation and manners, for there is

[1] Seventy years ago, in the ante-club period, the hotels and eating-houses under the Piazza at Covent Garden were considered to be the best places of resort for dining in London. Even forty years ago, I can myself remember to have dined there luxuriously—a thing which would hardly now be done. These changes in manners are curious, though unimportant.

scarcely any conversation at all, except among the small parties which are known to each other and sit together. Many separate tables are placed in one or two rooms, and many men dine alone. Ladies and children are often at dinner at these houses ; strangers for the most part.

Female labourers.

The lower class of women work very hard ; they perform the same laborious and dangerous labour as men ; for instance, nothing more common than to see women employed as bricklayers' labourers, carrying bricks and mortar up a high scaffolding, and wheeling loads of rubbish away from the building. They saw the wood too, which is thrown down at people's doors, to the great inconvenience of passengers in the street. They are the *barbers* and *shavers* to the *poudel* dogs, and sit in a particular part of the town, shearing and shaving these rough-coated animals all day long. Some of them wear the large heavy jack German boots, though in general they are very neat and particular respecting their feet and ankles. The young women wear splendid coloured shoes and smart stockings, and have neat small legs and

ankles, which they take no trouble to conceal. All the ladies, and those who can afford it, wear large mantles or man's cloth great coats, which are not good-looking, but in truth are comfortable things. Every article of life is very much increased in price within these few years. The continuance of the war, the sending so much money out of the country for the maintenance of troops in Italy and Swabia, the little internal commerce, and the depreciation of the paper money, all contribute to make things dearer. House rent is high, especially for strangers. The farmers and peasants in Swabia and other agricultural parts of Germany, have become rich at the expense of this nation and the nobles. Swabia is said to grow three times more corn than is necessary for the consumption of its inhabitants.

St. Stephen's Cathedral is a fine Gothic building with a very high steeple inclining to one side. Besides the usual matins and vespers, the archbishop has ordered two hours every day to be devoted to prayers for peace. The number of people of all sorts and descriptions who flock to the church is very great. On

one side of the church is a large figure of Christ on the cross, and I never passed by at any hour of the day without seeing some one or other down on their knees praying and crossing themselves with ardent devotion. No city perhaps can present such scenes of affected sanctity and real licentiousness. Persons of loose character are received into what is considered the best company; many women of quality have their lovers; and many a man keeps a mistress and goes to the play and walks in the streets with her; such things are talked of publicly. The same freedom of conversation is general with regard to diseases; even at meals, the symptoms of dysentery, diarrhœa and the like, are often discussed. A gentleman does not scruple to ask a lady if she be *grosse*, and then comes some history of her last lying-in.

Religion and license.

Fruit is in abundance, but none very good this year except the pears; peaches and grapes and walnuts and plums are selling at every corner of the streets; peaches and plums in greater quantities than I ever saw elsewhere, and very cheap, two or three peaches for a groschen.

Restraint on literature.

No circulating libraries are allowed, they are suppressed by order of government. No reading-rooms or clubs are permitted; and every book and every newspaper passes through a censor's hands (probably not through his head), before it is permitted to be given to the purchaser or proprietor. The English newspapers are stopped many days at the post-office to pass through this formality. The consequence of this arbitrary prohibition is, that the public mind is dull and torpid, or rather no public mind exists. *Bread* and *shows* are procured for the people in politic profusion; amusement is the only object of their lives. There is no mental refinement, no intellectual vegetation. Literature and science are disregarded, and vice, ignorance, and vanity stalk about the streets, and occupy their places in the societies and great houses. What can be said of the morals of a people, when you see such extraneous, such public sources of pleasure always tempting them and drawing them out of themselves? In the winter, five theatres are open every night; the galleries and popular benches always crowded. On Sun-

Life in Vienna.

day, besides theatres, many dancing-rooms are open, and the entrance money so cheap as to tempt everyone to go and waste their time and their money. In the summer the *Prater* is always open with all sorts of amusement; music, dancing, houses with wooden horses and carriages for riding at the ring, shops and booths for drinking and carousing, in almost every part. The Viennois are a very *sensual* people; they take snuff, and smoke, and delight in music, and go continually to sights, and game, and intrigue, and eat and drink, and go cloaked up in cold weather, and sit in hot rooms, and are never at home and alone; ride out or walk in the *Prater* in the morning, and go to the play or the opera in the evening, and have no idea of the pleasures of a select party, or the comforts of a quiet and retired fireside.

Military service.

The mode of recruiting the armies is violent and severe, yet very effectual. In the towns, every man is obliged to put down his name, and a certain number are selected by the magistrates *ad libitum.* In the country and villages, an order is sent to the seigneur or proprietor of the estate for him to furnish

so many recruits; he then assembles all his tenants and labourers, and selects whom he pleases. This arbitrary measure excites great disturbance; and the mothers and wives come and lament the loss of one who took care of the corn and tilled the ground with them; but when they are assured of having a hind given to them to supply the place of him who is sent away, they are quite content. The loss of a son or a husband because he is such, is never thought of; the breaking asunder all the ties of social affection is scarcely felt, for very little affection or sympathy exists among them. The consequences of this system are very injurious to the improvement of the people. In the first place, they are deterred from marrying because they do not find their interest in bringing up children for the State to take away from them as soon as they might become useful. Secondly, they give their children no education; they instruct them in no useful business, because the recruiting officers in the fulness of their martial wisdom always choose a carpenter or a blacksmith or a tradesman before a husbandman and labourer, thinking that the loss to the

community is less; forgetting, however, that a man who can use his chisel and hammer can soon be taught to hold a plough, and a ploughman can never perhaps be made to do the work of a carpenter or a blacksmith. Thus the people are kept in a state of complete barbarity; they lose the only great principle which keeps society together, and with it all noble principles perish; for the peasants are very rude and impertinent, notwithstanding being sent to the army hangs over them, one would think, *in terrorem.* This want of social affection has long been common in this part of Europe. It is mentioned in the Roman History that the inhabitants of the banks of the Danube were accustomed to send away their young men in great numbers; other rude nations wandered from place to place and migrated in family parties, in hordes, but these people forced the young to depart alone. And they are never expected to return; indeed, such an expectation would seldom be realised, as they are generally soon either killed in battle or perish in the hardships of a campaign. Count Purgstall furnished 700 men during the last war from his

estates in Styria; and only about thirty remained alive at the conclusion.

Politics very seldom are made the subject of conversation, they are never mentioned in what is called the best company; and everybody is afraid of being quoted as a voucher for a bit of news, which causes everything to be told to every person as a very great secret! In consequence of the customary exclusion of this topic, cards are very general and the play is high; ombre is the favourite game.

When any person dies, who is the head of a family (any person of rank and consequence), a printed card is sent round to all his friends and acquaintances, stating his family genealogy, &c., and the hour and minute of his death and the disease which proved fatal to him. I saw one of these private bills of mortality.

In consequence of the men being all taken for soldiers their wives and children are left without any provision. By way of giving them some employment they are set to work in raising ramparts and fortifications round the town, which were once before built up, to be pulled down again.

Men carry muffs in the streets, persons of the higher and lower class; neither muffs nor tippets are so generally worn as in England —the present fashion being to have comfortable large great coats; as many men as women are seen walking with muffs.

Vienna morals.

It is the fashion for men *faire la cour* to married women and to leave the young ladies to themselves. I remarked once in conversation with two or three husbands and wives that I thought this a strange perversion of politeness and attention due to the sex, and that it must be very unpleasant for unmarried women. A married lady said we have no objection to the men dancing with the misses if they give us something better; her husband was present. At another time, speaking of a lady who was said to be *galante*, 'She has only one *amant* (says one); et où est la femme ici qui n'en voudroit pas si elle le peut.' The subject of regret among a certain class of women during the troubles was the want *d'un amant*; for the French officers did not stay long enough to make much progress, and I suspect they had not money enough to make great conquests among the Vienna fair.

A masked ball.

Sunday, October 20.—Went with Mr. Gräzenstein to a masquerade ball at the hall of the Redoute; this was the first ball in the season. We paid two florins for entering. Everyone goes as he pleases, all are admitted by paying their money, except servants in livery. The company this evening was a motley group, chiefly made up of the bourgeois. The men all go in boots and with their hats on, without masks, except they choose to go in any character. Most of the women were masked, though many were not. Very few characters exhibited, and the few Hungarian peasants and friars that appeared were stupid and silent. Some pretty women were to be seen and a great display of their charms. The music was excellent; the band consisted of fifty performers, and they played from nine o'clock till five in the morning, allowing a little time to rest. Minuets were first danced, and then waltzes began; the awkward motions of the shopkeepers and their women in the minuets, and their rough twisting and twining in the waltz, were amusing enough. In the interval about eleven o'clock, when the music ceased, some fellows

in livery brought in a large tub of soapsuds, and with large wet cloths ploughed the floor by way of laying the dust; the room was quite wet for a quarter of an hour, which nobody seemed to mind. These assembly rooms are very extensive and handsomely fitted, with a gallery all around and corridors; a *sighing alley*, and rooms for taking supper and refreshments. Several hundred people were assembled to-night, but this number did not fill one-half of the rooms. I never was at a masquerade before. It seems to be a dull kind of amusement, especially among a dull slow people. A good mask should never think, but be always ready to say something. The Germans and the English talk too little and think of what they shall say too much, to shine at a noisy thoughtless masquerade. The French and Italian, and even the Spanish, character seem much better adapted for this sort of entertainment.

Monday, October 21.—Met Baron Fyfe at Count Purgstall's, and we went to the Wieden Theatre together. This is the most elegant theatre in Germany; it has been built only within these five years; the stage is very

The Wieden Theatre.

large, and well adapted for a spectacle. The piece to-night was '*Palmyra*, Daughter of the King of Persia;' the scenery and decorations were particularly splendid: several hundred soldiers were on the stage at once, and marched and paraded in excellent order, and one of the princes entered mounted on a *real live* camel, and another upon a fine grey horse with a grand train of attendants. Sometimes fifty horses are said to be upon this stage at once. The music was very good, some of the marches bold and striking, and Madame Campi sang some fine songs. We paid forty kreutzer for the Parterre noble.

October 22.—The weather very cold and considerable quantity of snow fell, which covered the streets and houses and remained in the country and in some parts of the town nearly a week. The thermometer stood below 32° Fahrenheit: the winter begins unusually early this year.

The Belvedere gallery of pictures.

Friday, *October* 25.—Went with Baron Gräzenstein to the Belvedere, the Imperial gallery of pictures. This collection is very large; it occupies two floors of a vast palace. It was begun by Ferdinand III., and contains

many pictures which belonged to our unfortunate King Charles I. The pictures are arranged according to the different masters; some of Carracci's have curtains before them, and with reason; several works of Correggio's are in the collection, portraits by Titian, and large paintings by Rubens in great abundance. Artists are allowed to go and copy any one they choose, and the rooms are open to the public three days in the week.

Went to the church of Santa Maria de' Frari to view the monument erected to the memory of Archduke Albert's wife. This work is executed and designed by Canova, an Italian artist, and it is certainly one of the most exquisite pieces of workmanship in the world. The design is chaste and elegant; a tomb is represented open, and several female figures are entering it weeping followed by an old man and a young child by his side; a genius rests on one side on a lion lamenting the death. The *tout ensemble* is quite charming, the figures are all happily selected and wrought, and the anguish of the genius is most happily expressed. I stood looking at this beautiful work for near an hour, and

after leaving it, the pleasing impression so dwelt upon my mind, that I could think of nothing but this monument whenever anything agreeable struck my senses or flitted across my fancy. Canova is considered the first artist in Europe; he engaged to complete this monument for 20,000 ducats, and the archduke was so pleased with it that he paid him more than his stipulated agreement. Torches are sometimes lighted at night to show this tomb. I regretted not to have known of this, as I could have wished to have seen it by candlelight.

Mack's capitulation.

Saturday, October 26.—News arrived of the defeat and capture of the whole of General Mack's army[1]—it was estimated at more than

[1] The capitulation of the Austrian army under General Mack took place at Ulm, and was dated October 17, but the negotiation took place in reality on the 19th. It seems therefore that the news did not reach the public in Vienna until seven days after the event—a curious contrast with the rapidity of modern communications. The truth, moreover, was as usual very much distorted, for Mack did not fight or lose any considerable portion of his army in action. The number of men who capitulated at Ulm was, according to M. Thiers, 30,000. The details relating to the escape of the Archduke Ferdinand are also inaccurate, for he reached Bohemia with two or three thousand horse. The remainder of the archduke's corps were destroyed or taken prisoners by Murat. But it is always curious to compare the first

76,000 men strong—one half of which were killed and wounded, and the rest taken prisoners. Eighteen generals and 150 officers were taken, and Mack among them. These were set at liberty on their parole, and the men sent to France. The Archduke Ferdinand very bravely cut his way through and escaped to Anspach to the Prussians with 1,500 or 3,000 men. Another corps of 15,000 escaped into the Tyrol. Report says poor Mack was taken by surprise, and his plans were confounded by the French passing through the Margravine of Anspach's dominions, which he did not expect. His army fought for four days at and near Ulm, and he would not give up his position till he was obliged to surrender. The soldiers are said to be quite struck with this ill-luck, and the people hope for peace. Everyone seems chop-fallen, though 'tis curious enough very few talk about it. The Official Gazette says very little, and the people seem to be afraid of saying more, as if the truth would come out more melancholy by enquiring into it.

Effect of the news at Vienna.

reports of an important event with the historical truth established long afterwards.

A Proclamation is issued for several companies of chasseurs to be formed immediately, orders are given for recruiting, and it is in agitation to issue a proclamation for all strangers to quit Vienna. It is astonishing how great the resources of Austria are in men; her armies have several times been wholly cut off; upwards of a hundred thousand men have been completely destroyed, and in six months another army has been ready to take the field. The Aulic Council told a prince four years ago, that the Austrians had lost 1,150,000 men since the Turkish War, that is, within the space of fifteen years or thereabouts.

Thursday, October 31.—Went to the theatre to see a piece in three acts written by Kotzebue, to ridicule Gall's system of Cranioscopy. It is called 'The Organ of the Brain'—an amusing little piece. The Cranioscopist has a daughter whom he will not allow to be married to anyone except he has got the organ of music in great perfection. He is deceived by the organs of honesty in a servant who turns out to be a rogue, and his son's wife in man's clothes passes for a man

Cranioscopy.

with many organic qualities. A box full of skulls is presented to him as a great rarity, and he runs off in triumph. The conclusion is bad, but some good incidents and situations are contrived, and the dialogue is lively and witty.

November 1 *and* 2.—The levy of recruits is now very severe; every man is taken from sixteen to forty-five, and only allowed to escape on his producing some certificate of former service or inability. The tailors are all under requisition, women as well as men, to make great coats for the soldiers; for each coat they receive thirteen kreutzers, though they pay their journeymen eighteen kreutzers, and are not paid for thread and other expenses. The shoemakers are all under requisition too, to work for the army. Cloth is very scarce, and straw is served sparingly in the barracks. Part of the War Office is going to Olmütz. Very little news is known, little is talked of: but rumours of armies being defeated, of peace being made, and a national bankruptcy wander about in private societies. Several families, foreigners as well as natives, have left the town, and are gone

Pressure of war.

into Hungary; but there seems little to be gained by running towards the east or the south.

Visit to Haydn.

Tuesday, November 5.—Paid a visit to *Haydn*, the celebrated composer. He lives in a small house in the suburbs of Vienna at *Comptendorf*. I sent up my name and mentioned being a friend of Mr. G. Thomson's at Edinburgh, that we might have some medium of connection and something to talk about. He received me very civilly; he calls himself a very old man of seventy-five, but he has not at all the look of so many years. He has some of the infirmities of age; his head and his chest trouble him, and at present he is unwell, his nerves are so weak that he can do nothing. He cannot compose or write, which he finds very hard, and he is ordered not to make any such exertion by his physician. He speaks a little English, and about as much French and Italian, besides German. So we made a compromise; I spoke French, German, and English, and he spoke German. We managed to understand each other very well, and we talked a great deal in half an hour. He spoke with rapture

of England; called it the first and best country in the world; said he had been there twice, the last time in 1790, and had composed a great deal of his music while in London, amidst good eating and drinking. He related an anecdote of his dining in company with Mrs. Billington, at some house where there was a picture of her hanging in the room, representing her listening to an angel singing; Haydn said it ought to be reversed—she ought to have been drawn singing and the angel listening to her; he got a kiss for this elegant compliment. Salomon was his interpreter in England. He spoke of the delight he took in composing symphonies for the Scotch songs, and said he should write music for some words Mr. Thomson sent to him lately, as soon as he was well enough to do anything. His last great work was the Oratorio of the Four Seasons. I thanked him in the name of Great Britain and all lovers of music for the pleasure he had afforded us by some of his fine compositions. His figure is about the common size, rather short in stature, his eyes dark, aquiline nose, and brown complexion, marked a little by

the small-pox; he wears a nicely powdered tail wig; he was in excellent spirits, very glad to see me, and requested me to repeat my visit.

Tuesday, November 8.—The whole town in a bustle expecting the French every day and every hour. Nothing certain is known, numerous reports wander about. 'Tis said Bonaparte will be here to-morrow.[1] The emperor and all his family, and all the ambassadors, are gone to Olmütz; the Emperor of Russia is said to be gone there also. People are flying in every direction; the road to Presburg and Brünn is crowded with carriages and carts, and all the neighbouring towns are filled with strangers. Several

[1] This report was premature. On November 8, Murat and Lannes, with the advanced guard of the French army, driving back the Russians, reached Saint Polten, in front of the great Abbey of Molk on the Danube. But they did not venture, without orders, to attack the enemy. The Russians crossed the Danube at Krems, leaving the right bank open. This circumstance tempted Murat to march to Vienna, and he arrived on the 11th at the defile of the Kahlemberg, five or six miles from the imperial city. But this unauthorised movement placed the corps of Marshal Mortier, behind him, in a very critical position on the left bank of the river; for at Dirustein, on November 11, a French division of 5,000 men was attacked by 30,000 Russians, and was only saved by the extraordinary gallantry of the marshal and his troops.

Englishmen have bought horses, for all the horses are put under requisition. The coachmen demand 200 florins for a pair of horses to go to Presburg, and 400 florins for a boat. The list of impossibilities for getting away is so great, that I am resolved to stay. The road to Hungary is crowded with carriages, with people moving, and the road into Moravia, towards Prague and Brünn, is said to be covered with the Russian armies.

Approach of the French.

Sunday, November 10.—To-day it is said an armistice has been granted for two days, and overtures of peace have been made. Some few scattered troops of Austrians and Russians passed through Vienna last night. The French posts are reported to be only four hours' distance from the capital. A deputation is gone from the magistrates with the keys of the town gate finely gilded to surrender them into the hands of Bonaparte. What few remaining troops were here embarked in boats and went down the Danube this morning. The answer from the King of Prussia is not yet known; nor is it certain whether he takes any part in the war. The ministers are blamed very much by the

people. If a House of Commons were here the opposition members would have *beau jeu*, but there is no public voice, and no means of expressing public opinion. The government newspaper, published only twice a week, says not a word of the present state of affairs—the state of ignorance and mystery is almost incredible.

Murat reaches the environs of Vienna.

Monday and Tuesday, November 11 *and* 12.—The same uncertainty still prevails; no official communication has been made; the deputation from the city is returned, and has been favourably received. A requisition of bread, meat, wine, &c. has been made, and all the carts and hackney coaches have been seized by order of the magistrates to carry provisions to the French camp. A daily supply to the amount of 36,000 florins is said to be demanded, but no contribution levied; everything asked for is written down on paper, and the greatest politeness and good understanding prevails. A service of plate was sent out for the commander Prince Murat. The fires at the camps on the neighbouring hills can easily be seen at night. A short proclamation or printed official paper

was put up this morning from the emperor, saying that he could not have the supply of money and men from Hungary so soon as expected, and that he was gone to Brünn, and *possibly* the enemy might enter the town of Vienna! This intelligence is rather late, and somewhat *mal à propos*, as every child knows the enemy is at the gates, and nothing can hinder their coming. Every preparation is made to receive them.

A doleful tragedy.

Tuesday night, November 12.—Went to see 'Othello' performed at one of the great theatres; it was indeed a woeful tragedy. Some excuse may be made for the performers as they acted to empty benches; scarcely a hundred persons were in the whole house. The actors repeated the words as fast as possible. The piece is performed nearly as in the original. Roderigo is not killed on the stage, and Othello stabs Desdemona, and afterwards stabs himself. But all the beauties of Shakespeare seem to be lost in the harsh German translation. Othello ranted and strained and stormed, and poor Desdemona waddled backwards without dignity or grace. She was very fat and awkward, and more fit

for Molly Maybush than the dignified daughter of a Venetian senator, who, by the bye, was a strong hale fellow who ran about and bellowed like a porter. The whole piece was a wretched murder, but I was told it is greatly admired when well performed. The directors of the theatres wished to shut them up during this time of alarm, but the magistrates ordered them to be open, and the people are to be amused whether they will or no.

The French army marches through Vienna.

Wednesday, November 13.—The French troops, cavalry and infantry, marched through Vienna all to-day, and during the night. Many thousands passed through and proceeded without halting over the Danube into Moravia and Bohemia towards Brünn. The flower of the army is under the command of General Suchet,[1] very fine troops, especially the grenadiers *à cheval* with their high caps and metallic breastplates cuirasses. The horses are poor-looking creatures. The men

[1] General Suchet commanded a division of the corps under Marshal Lannes, which greatly distinguished itself a few days later at the Battle of Austerlitz. For his subsequent services in Spain Suchet was made a Marshal of France and Duke of Albufera.

well clothed and armed, and all riding with their swords drawn. The greatest regularity and discipline prevailed, scarcely a word was spoken, and not the slightest affront or injury offered to any person; great politeness on the part of the officers and men. Several women mounted on horseback were riding alongside their husbands. Some of the infantry were badly clothed, but marching with glee to victory. The weather is excessively cold with a dry, piercing, frosty wind. An officer said in the coffee-house that he had been embarked twenty-four days at Boulogne, when the Emperor Napoleon arrived and told them: 'Mes enfans, je vous menerai à Vienna; et voilà nous sommes ici.' Prince Murat and his aides-de-camp occupy Duke Albert's house, who left orders and accommodations for them. The palace is stripped of everything. No one knows where Napoleon is; 'tis strongly reported he is gone to have a personal conference with the Emperor Francis, and peace is expected to be made *sur le champ*.

Passage of French troops.

Thursday, November 14.—Many thousand troops have passed, and continue to cross the

Danube into Moravia. No news from Italy or any other quarter. Many officers quartered in private houses; the only thing in particular that they asked for was to have a dessert every day. Troops continue to pass through the town; the infantry march very quick and go twelve leagues per day; they get forward by forced marches without baggage, without any incumbrance; they live upon the inhabitants of the towns they pass through. Almost every soldier has a loaf of bread and a bit of meat on the end of his bayonet or on his knapsack. Many officers also carried their provisions with them. It is said they are going in search of the Austrian army; but more probably to surround the Russian troops now at Stockeran on the banks of the Danube. The Emperor Napoleon, *on dit*, is arrived at Schönbrunn and went through the town this morning at four o'clock to look at the bridge at Tabor, and the Palace of Duke Albert is surrounded by guards, horse and foot; the Imperial and Royal Guards are also arrived, and the guard of Mamelukes. Every step is taken to ensure order and tranquillity in the town, and hitherto

everything goes on as usual. The commandant of the town is a French general Hulin. The Bourgeois still continue to mount guard at the gates and at the public buildings; at the gates of the town a French guard is placed with the Bourgeois.

Friday and Saturday, November 15 *and* 16.—*La même chose*; numerous reports and nothing certain, but all hope of peace has vanished; the alliance with Prussia again talked of as certain. An order is issued by the Commandant de la ville for all strangers to have an order from him, and all housekeepers are to appear to give an account of those who apply for lodgings. This order is posted up in the streets in French and German. It occasioned great alarm in a *certain quarter*, but was found to have no reference to us who are already here. I got a certificate from Professor Jacquin and drew up the heads of a declaration of my character pour Monsieur le General Commandant.[1]

Orders relating to strangers.

Sunday, November 17.— A cannonade heard distinctly yesterday afternoon, and this

[1] I find amongst these papers the following certificate:
'Mr. Henry Reeve s'est régulièrement fait inscrire comme

morning an engagement is supposed to have taken place between the French and Russian armies. Some French soldiers are seen floating down the Danube, said to have been drowned by the Russians, who neither give nor take quarter. The Emperor Napoleon set out yesterday, after receiving the deputies in great form, with all his guard, in a coach drawn by eight horses, for his army. Berthier

Napoleon starts for the army.

étudiant extraordinaire en médecine pour le cours public de chimie, et fréquente les leçons avec assiduité.

'JACQUIN,
'Professeur public et ordinaire.

'Vienne ce 15 de Novembre, '1805.'

Dr. Reeve addressed the following note to the French Commandant of Vienna:

'H. Reeve, Med. Doct. de l'Université d'Edimbourg, se trouvant à Vienne pour suivre ses études, pour fréquenter les hôpitaux et assister aux leçons academiques, sollicite la protection de Monsieur le Général Commandant de la Ville. Il se flatte d'avoir non seulement sa protection, qui n'est jamais refusée par le gouvernement Français, mais aussi l'aide et le secours dont il pourroit avoir besoin pendant son séjour ici. Monsieur Reeve a l'honneur de faire savoir à Monsieur le Général Commandant qu'il demeure chez Monsieur le Baron Gräzenstein, No. 807, Ober Bäckere Strasse.

'Dimanche 24 Nov. 1805.'

These communications produced the desired effect. During the occupation of Vienna by the French army, Dr. Reeve and his friends were treated with the utmost courtesy by the French officers, which he attributed in great measure to his professional character.

is constantly with him. Talleyrand also is said to be here; one of his nephews is here who was formerly with the embassy at Vienna. Many French officers are now to be seen at the theatres merry and gay; joking about going to Constantinople and Poland, indulging themselves in all sorts of pleasures, contrasting their situation now with what it might have been in London. They would prefer the other they say, for nothing is to be got at Vienna. A thousand Austrians marched into the town who were taken prisoners two posts on the other side of the Danube, with the whole of the depôt of artillery and stores. The greatest mismanagement, not to say treachery, prevails throughout; the Austrian soldiers believe they have been sold. Orders were given ten days ago for destroying the great bridge across the Danube at Tabor, but it was neglected to be done till Prince Murat sent word to the magistrates, if the bridge were destroyed they must make it passable in twenty-four hours, or he would not answer for the town. It was left, and the troops on

Loss of the bridge over the Danube.

the other side made prisoners.[1] The best understanding prevails between the Austrians and French, but the Russians are dreaded both as friends and foes. They too, it is said, are enraged against the Austrians for not having burnt or destroyed the bridge. Reports come in of villages being set on fire, and innkeepers illtreated, and houses robbed, and private houses damaged, and all the calamities which are described as belonging to war. An officer told me, 'the state of the country the army passed through on their way to Vienna was dreadful; it would require ten years of peace to restore the mischief

[1] The loss of the bridge over the Danube, or rather its capture by the French before the work of destruction was effected, was one of the most fatal blunders made by the Austrians. Murat, who had been reprimanded by the emperor a few days before for the temerity of his advance, which had seriously compromised Mortier's division, was resolved to retrieve his character. For this purpose he advanced rapidly to the bridge; entered into communication with the Austrian officer in command; persuaded him that negotiations for an armistice were in progress, if not concluded; and by this *ruse* succeeded in postponing the destruction of the bridge, until he brought up French troops who carried the passage by a rush and made the Austrian guard prisoner. Had this not been done, Napoleon would have found, as he did in 1809, that to cross the Danube with a large army is a slow and difficult operation.

already done ; that the declaration of war was an ill-advised measure, without a perfect assurance of being able to defend the territory, without being sure of the assistance to be derived from allies, without good ministers and advisers at home, and without generals abroad.' The Archduke Charles was sent to Italy and put on the shelf. The best general in the service, Meerfeldt, ordered to quit the regiments which he had joined, and he was defeated in consequence. The silent and deserted state of the town is sad beyond description. Scarcely a carriage is to be seen or heard in the streets. Few persons are seen moving about, and at seven o'clock in the evening one would believe, from the quietness of the town, that it was midnight. This premature stillness is owing to an absurd report of the Russians having gained a victory, and the French army's retreating, which inspired the cowardly courage of some of the common people, and induced them to pelt some French soldiers. Happily no mischief and no riot ensued, though so imprudently provoked.

Monday, November 18.— More troops

Effects of the war.

marched through, infantry. An order from the magistrates is published for keeping the peace, pointing out the absurdity of last night's conduct. An order has been made by the General Commandant Hulin, for the payment of debts incurred by officers and soldiers belonging to the French army. These placards are printed in French and German, and so are the play-bills. An extra *blatt* from the 'Vienna Gazette' is published, mentioning the offer of an armistice between the Russians and the French, on the terms that the Russians are to march back into their own country the same way they came; these terms to be submitted for their emperor's approval. An account arrives of the defeat of the Austrian army in Italy; 5,000 men are taken prisoners with baggage, etc., but the account concludes with a compliment to the Archduke Charles. Another extra *blatt* was published in the evening, containing an account of the defeat of the Russian army with the loss of 1,300 prisoners, who, by the way, were brought into town to-day. Also an account of the operations of the French armies in Moravia, Hungary,

and Italy. The whole of the Tyrol is said to be surrendered by capitulation, and everything is yielding before them. The very elements seem to favour them, for the weather is the finest imaginable. Cannon is heard, and the smoke of some villages burning can be distinctly seen; many hundred wounded Frenchmen are brought and placed in the hospitals. Nothing certain is known. Report says the Hungarians will continue on the defensive. All posts stopped; every channel of information shut up; we are surrounded by armies on every side. No want of provisions at present, but exorbitant demands made: *ex. gr.* 2½ and 3 florins for a pound of butter, and 4 kreutzers for one egg; the size of a loaf of bread is diminished, and milk very scarce, for almost all the cows are killed and carried away in the suburbs; meat still continues at the same price, and sufficiently abundant.

A proclamation of Napoleon.

Tuesday, November 19.—A proclamation issued in the name of the French emperor appointing the different officers of the regency for Upper and Lower Austria; General Clarke to be the General intended to reside at Vienna.

Extra *blatts* issued giving an account of a victory gained over the Russians; opinions divided, some believe everything, and others disbelieve all. That a severe engagement has taken place is certain, but nobody knows how it has terminated. To-day 'tis printed that the armistice requested by the Russians was refused by Bonaparte, and a battle followed. Numbers of wounded are brought in, the poor French soldiers, many of them with their ears cut off by the savage Russians.

State of the French army.

An officer who had served four campaigns told me he had never suffered so much, and the army never endured such hardships as the present: no tents, no baggage, obliged often to sleep on the ground, in cold wet weather, with little or nothing to eat, and sometimes even with nothing to drink but water; he himself had only been four times in a comfortable bed. The officers and men either slept on straw in deserted houses in the villages they passed through, or on the ground in the open air; they have no camp equipage, and the general officers and marshals, instead of having a long train of baggage, carry nothing with them, but put them-

selves into people's houses and live luxuriously at other people's expense. 'Tis said the expense at Duke Albert's every day amounts to 100*l.* sterling; this is probably exaggerated, but what with two breakfasts and a good dinner, and liqueurs and costly wines, and many horses in the stable, such a sum may be soon expended.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, November 20th, 21st, 22nd.—Still the same state of uncertainty; placards are put up every day relating the unparalleled success of the French armies in every quarter, but nobody believes them. They are too absurd to be swallowed even by the stupid people in the streets. *Ex. gr.* in one it was said the Russians were beaten, and several thousands taken prisoners, some generals were in pursuit of them, and Bonaparte had stopped carrying his head-quarters to Brünn because he had heard the Emperor of Germany was there. The next day the head-quarters were said to be at Brünn, and Presburg was long ago said to be occupied by French troops, yet a Polish gentleman came from thence yesterday, and says everything is peaceable and quiet; he

was not asked to show his passport anywhere. A person who came from Znāym in Bohemia relates that he saw some Russian soldiers who had been left dead on the field of battle, tied together in parcels of three and four, and set up with cards put into their hands. The Russian prisoners taken prove to have been in a hospital which fell into the hands of the French. Few prisoners are made; they are so furious, and it is said they cut and maim the French that they take most maliciously. It appears certain the Russians have effected their purpose in retreating to join the great column of their army which is advancing, and placards are posted up at Brünn and Presburg directly the reverse of those published here, about the emperor's proclamation refusing the terms for peace and trusting to the exertions of his allies. Not a word of intelligence allowed to enter the place.

News of the battle of Trafalgar.

Saturday, November 23rd.—Heard of a naval engagement before Cadiz, said to be a desperate affair. Several admirals wounded. Nelson is reported to be killed. We guessed on which side victory was declared because no notice is taken of it in the bulletins and

newspapers. In the 'Vienna Zeitung' this evening several long paragraphs appeared against the English Government, repeating the stale story of corruption and national bankruptcy. The French armies said to have taken Brünn and to be in pursuit of the Russians towards Olmütz. The whole of the Austrian dominions are overrun, and the government chased and overthrown. The books and state papers are given up and perused by Talleyrand, who is here, living in the empress's apartments in the palace, and sitting in the emperor's box at the theatre. The 'Gazette' mentions that the French army is to receive a year's pay for the last month, because they have accomplished in one month what in the ordinary way of proceeding occupies a year; and indeed the soldiers deserve it, for they are paid very little—threepence per day. A captain in a regiment of horse receives 1,800 livres per annum (70*l.* sterling), and he is obliged to furnish himself with three horses.

Wednesday, November 27.—No news: no *affiches* have been put up for several days past, but news of the naval victory is more

strongly reported. Talleyrand acknowledged it to be complete, though the great hero was lost, said to have been killed by a sharp-shooter from the masts; eighteen vessels said to have been captured and the Santissima Trinidad blown up.

Gossip of the French army.

I dined in company with General Grabowski to-day; a sensible man, who has served five campaigns and been wounded; heard many anecdotes and accounts of the armies. Prince Murat is said to be killed—not unlikely—for when the French were three times repulsed in attempting to pass a bridge, Napoleon cried out, 'Prince Murat, prenez ces drapeaux et allez les placer de l'autre côté; vous, premier feldmaréchal, montrez le chemin;'[1] he did so, and the pass was taken immediately. General Oudinot, who was wounded and brought to Vienna, received a message from Bonaparte ten days afterwards, to say he hoped he was recovering and his presence was requested at the army. Bonaparte himself was fourteen hours at the

[1] This is a mythical anecdote, as untrue as the report of Murat's death. But it was probably suggested by the orders sent to Murat to take possession of the bridge over the Danube, which he carried into effect by a *ruse*.

avant postes at Ulm without eating or drinking in the most dreadful weather ever known. The French soldiers were repulsed seven times at a mountain near Ulm, four times one day and three the next; but it was taken at last. Mack then capitulated. The country is desolated wherever the armies have been; there is nothing to eat; the peasants have lost all their horses and cattle. The baggage of the Bavarian soldiers was drawn by oxen, for no horses could be got; they came in to-day. Some couriers and attendants on the minister extraordinary from Prussia are said to come with terms of a general peace. Kutusoff, the Russian general, is said to be very angry, and with reason, because the bridge was not burnt down across the Danube; this foolish circumstance was left undone for the sake of a few florins which it would have cost the town to build it up again. Kutusoff made some good movements to escape being taken. The French soldiers and officers are all surprised at no resistance being made to their entry into the town; they expected a battle at St. Polten, but Meerfeldt deceived them and everybody else.

The title of Emperor Zero is given to the Kaiser. But there is not a single eminent man in Austria, neither in past or present time; Wallenstein and the great warriors Londoun, Charles Duke of Lorraine, Prince Eugène, were all foreigners. It is not personal merit which entitles a man to military rank or civil employment, but his birth, his family, and the number of orders; and if he has had the good luck to be patronised once at court that is the sure road to preferment. *Parvenus* are disliked and discouraged.

When it was told to a French officer that a general was brought here wounded, 'Ma foi,' dit-il, 'que voulez vous? on ne peut pas faire les omelettes sans casser des œufs.' The physician to Prince Murat was his friend and schoolfellow, and they lived together three years in the same room; one of them became a fieldmarshal and a prince and appointed the other his physician.

Dinner at M. Jacquin's.

Wednesday, November 20.—I dined at Monsieur Jacquin's, the professor of botany and chemistry, an intelligent agreeable man who has been in England and France and

speaks both English and French. He receives a salary, about 200*l.* per annum, and gives public lectures on chemistry in winter, and botany in the summer; he has a good private fortune, and lives in very comfortable style. His father, a venerable old man eighty years old, lives with him; he is one of the finest old men that can be imagined, all the reverence of age, without any of the infirmities. He told me he was blessed with an excellent constitution, had never suffered any illness except the contagious diseases common to all, and the yellow-fever which he caught in the West Indies; he never drank any wine, and ate very little bread. The dinner party consisted of several professors. Professor Jordan, an elderly man, professor of natural history, who gives a course of lectures on rural economy which are highly spoken of. The dinner was quite after the German fashion; great quantity of dishes handed round to each person by the servant and everyone helped himself. Neither the master nor the mistress (der Herr oder die gnädige Frau) sit at the top of the table, they place themselves on a footing with their

guests. I was seated next to Madame Jacquin; she is plain in her person and manners, but quite unaffected. After dinner the conversation turned upon Pestalozzi's system of education and on the comparative merits of different universities; the preference was given to that of the Scotch universities, which combine all the advantages of the Protestant and Catholic colleges without the inconveniences of both. The usual dinner hour is at two o'clock. Coffee and liqueurs were served in another room after leaving the dinner table; the company took leave between five and six. It was a very agreeable party; a rarity too in these times and in this place, for the society in general is trifling and insignificant.

Beethoven's 'Fidelio.'

Thursday, November 21.—Went to the Wieden Theatre to the new opera 'Fidelio,' the music composed by Beethoven. The story and plan of the piece are a miserable mixture of low manners and romantic situations; the airs, duets, and choruses equal to any praise. The several overtures, for there is an overture to each act, appeared to be too artificially composed to be generally

pleasing, especially on being first heard. Intricacy is the character of Beethoven's music, and it requires a well-practised ear, or a frequent repetition of the same piece, to understand and distinguish its beauties. This is the first opera he ever composed, and it was much applauded; a copy of complimentary verses was showered down from the upper gallery at the end of the piece. Beethoven presided at the pianoforte and directed the performance himself. He is a small dark young-looking man, wears spectacles, and is like Mr. Kœnig. Few people present, though the house would have been crowded in every part but for the present state of public affairs.

Some French army physicians.

Friday, November 22.—Introduced by Dr. Schreibers to Professor Prochaska, professor of anatomy, where I met the physician to Prince Murat and three other French army physicians, and we looked round the university together. These gentlemen were very polite and civil. The great hall is a handsome room ornamented with busts and fine marble pillars. A man was very busy employed in it just now, making a machine

for flying, and in eight days he assured us with great self-satisfaction his invention would be complete, and he should be able to mount on high. Professor Prochaska has paid great attention to fine anatomical injections. He is a dark grave langsam German, with a striking countenance however; he spoke French slowly and very imperfectly. When contrasted with one of the French physicians who had a remarkable national physiognomy and talked a great deal and with great rapidity, there was something quite ludicrous: it was significant of a foreign university.

Zingarelli's 'Romeo and Juliet.'

Friday, November 29.—Went to the Italian opera 'Romeo and Juliet;' the music by Zingarelli. This is a very popular opera, and has long been a favourite of the public; not having been performed lately it was received with great applause. The great character is that of Romeo, in which Crescentini excels everything that was ever heard. The part requires good singing and good acting, and Crescentini acquits himself to admiration in both. The opera consists of three acts. It opens with a company of singers and dancers assembled to

celebrate the marriage of Juliet; young men and maidens dance fancy dances, while men and boys and women sing a fine chorus. Juliet with her attendant appears among them and receives their homage, and sings; Romeo in the meantime appears with his friends and companions and attendants. Juliet's father then introduces her intended bridegroom, whom she receives very coolly; this ill-looking lover fights afterwards with Romeo, is disarmed, and forgiven; but he and his soldiers fight again in another scene, and Romeo runs him through the body, which induces his soldiers to sing a very fine chorus. Romeo's friend the apothecary (who stands for the friar) contrives a meeting between the lovers in a garden, where Romeo sings a monologue before Juliet arrives, and they both sing together when she comes to take leave. Some interviews take place between Romeo and Juliet's father, and between father and daughter. *Enfin* Juliet is furnished with an opiate by the apothecary, which she swallows and appears to die on the stage in a convenient arm-chair, surrounded by her handmaids. The last act

opens with a view of the tomb of Juliet, the top of which is removed by Romeo's attendants. He is then left alone and sings and sobs over her before he takes the poison. Juliet then awakes from her trance, rises from the tomb, and some fine acting and sweetly pathetic singing takes place between them at this interview. The solo by Crescentini at the tomb is one of the most exquisite things that can be conceived; he dies at last, throws himself beside his Juliet, and the curtain drops. The whole piece is elegant and entertaining; the scenery and decorations display judgment and taste; the music is above all praise; the chorus and every part well filled up. Madame Bolla played the part of Juliet, but she was evidently embarrassed and unequal to it, more especially as this character had been always so well sustained by Madame Sessi. But she acquitted herself tolerably well on the whole. Some of the scenes appeared too long, perhaps because some parts were so highly finished; however, the impression left on my mind was that this was the best and most perfect speci-

men of an Italian opera that I had ever heard.

. . . . .

I went again on January 7 to hear Crescentini in Romeo for the last time before his going to Paris, and liked his singing still better than before; the crescendo, the swell of his voice, and the touching and tasteful ornaments were divine. He sang to great advantage in the species of monologue in the garden, and in the duet with Juliet's father in the second act he displayed all his wonderful powers. Madame Campi performed the part of Juliet; she has a good voice, but too much art and cadenza to please in a pathetic opera. Her style of singing is more agreeable to the French than the German taste, and most of her ill-placed Pan's-pipe ornaments were loudly applauded by the French part of the audience.

Cabinet of natural history.

Saturday, November 30.—The Imperial collection of natural history was shut up, but on application being made for the physicians of the French army it was opened, and I availed myself of this opportunity to

go with Professor Jacquin to view it. This cabinet is in a fine building adjoining the library; it was only begun within these few years, and some parts are not yet arranged. It is rich in fine and curious specimens of birds and beasts; among the latter is a giraffe, alongside of which the camel appears nothing in height and grandeur. This is the tallest animal known; it was brought lately from the Cape; none have ever been caught living. The birds are all arranged with their nests and habits attached to them; the appearance is somewhat whimsical and dilettantish: the names are attached to each, the Linnæan name, the French and German name.

n aged
ılture.

There is a vulture, now stuffed, which was kept alive in a cage at the Palace for a hundred and two years. This singular fact is well ascertained: the bird outlived several generations of the imperial family. Professor Jacquin and the abbé who showed the collection remember this bird upwards of thirty years ago; it died at last of old age; for the last year of its life it was not able to move, but rested always lying on its back. Query: Are not birds next to trees in longevity? if

accidents and unnatural causes did not destroy them, would they not live much longer than men and animals? Parrots, domestic fowls, &c. live to a great age. Each class of animals is arranged in a separate chamber. Many models and fancy articles, such as portraits in mosaic, and landscapes made with the wings of butterflies and of spiders' webs, are to be seen in apartments for that purpose, and an electrical machine of great power, moved up and down by a pulley and rope, and rubbed on a cylinder of eight feet diameter. It must be confessed que la collection est belle, mais elle semble être faite pour la cour.

The Imperial Library.

The library is large and contains a great collection of valuable books; it was founded by Charles, the father of Maria Theresa, grandfather of Emperor Joseph. There is a statue in the middle of the library erected to him as 'Herculi Musarum,' a conceit in expression which savours more of nonsense than of novelty, for which it was probably intended. The library is built in the form of an ancient temple, and is a rich and splendid building; the ceiling finely painted, with pillars and busts and

statues arranged so as to produce a new and striking effect. It is the library of the Court, but is considered as belonging to the nation. Maria Theresa enriched it considerably by purchasing the library of Prince Eugène, at that time looked upon as one of the best collections of books in Europe. The public have the use of this library, and reading-rooms are open every day from nine to twelve, and from three to five; by an ancient law no fire is ever permitted, and no candle ever enters the library; the reading-rooms, however, are warmed and full of people reading and writing in perfect silence. The only funds are the free gifts of the emperor; no books allowed to be taken away. The Imperial Cabinet is open one day in the week for the public, the library also; the reading-rooms are open every day.

Monday, December 2.—Visit to the Academy Josephine. Dr. Vivenot, a physician of Vienna and a friend of the director, had made repeated applications for an order-form to look at this collection, but he was told it was impossible for any stranger to see it, no person would be allowed. However, when

Dr. Schreibers wrote for leave and *said for whom he asked*, it was opened immediately; it was for the medical staff of the French army. This anecdote is enough to show the Austrians are no longer masters of their capital or of the things in it. The names of the principal French physicians now here are, Dr. Coste, med. en chef, Biron, med. premier, Laurentz, Surguier, Brassier, Gras, Broussais, Baufit, and Bois Inspecteur. The surgeons are quite distinct and are an inferior order of men.

The Josephine Academy

This academy, erected by the late Emperor Joseph, is a very splendid establishment; it is attached to the great hospital, and lectures are given in it on anatomy, surgery, medicine, and midwifery, to train young men for army surgeons. The principal object of curiosity is the collection of preparations in wax, made after the celebrated collection at Florence by Fontana. Only three such collections exist, that at Florence, this made in imitation of the Italian one, and another at Wilna in Russia. All the different parts of the body are represented in almost every possible shape and direction. [Some medical details follow which are omitted.]

This collection is said to have cost upwards of 80,000 florins; if the advice of Professor Schmidt had been taken, the expense would have been greatly lessened and the real value of the whole proportionally increased. This professor lives at the academy, but he did not appear; no lectures are given at this time. I went and visited the French hospitals of sick and wounded afterwards, with Dr. Coste.

December 3.—The French and Russian armies opposite each other, expecting everyday to be attacked and each waiting for the onset; the fate of the campaign expected to be determined by the result of this battle.[1]

The Battle of Austerlitz.

Wednesday, December 4.—A courier arrived announcing the engagement between the French and Russian Imperial Guard, and the French victorious. The battle still continued; no details given except that the three

[1] The Battle of Austerlitz was fought on December 2; but no authentic account of it was received at Vienna for several days. The disastrous results of the battle were due in part to the presence of the Emperor Alexander, who had been persuaded by his flatterers that he could command an army and meet Napoleon on equal terms. The Emperor Francis was also present at the battle and witnessed the defeat of his troops and his allies.

emperors were present; the Emperor of Russia could not resist the temptation of going to the field, though he had agreed not to risk his safety which was near being lost; he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, that is the *on dit.*

Thursday, December 5.—No details given. They say the advantage is not so great as was imagined. The Emperor Napoleon is continually with the army; visiting the lines and working with his generals; all the French soldiers have left the town of Vienna. The guards are mounted by Dutch troops.

The armistice.

Friday, December 6.—News of a truce having been concluded at the camp at Austerlitz, where the three emperors had a conference together. The battle is said to have been very desperate between the armies; no positive details are known. A proclamation is issued soliciting a supply of sheets, mattresses, cushions, pillows, &c. for the sick and wounded; if not supplied voluntarily, they must be taken by force and the wounded lodged in private houses.

Details of the battle.

Saturday, December 7.—An official account is published of the armistice, and of the

Emperor Napoleon and Francis having conversed two hours together near Austerlitz. The victory gained by the French has been complete; their accounts give a tremendous idea of the battle, which took place on December 2, the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation. 200,000 men and 200 cannons were firing at once; the Russian army consisted of 80,000 men, the Austrians with them 25,000, together 105,000; the French were strong, but the numbers not stated.[1] It is said 20,000 Russians and Austrians were left dead on the field, and as many taken prisoners. The French lost many men, several generals wounded. The whole of the Russian artillery was taken at Austerlitz and two princes, one the commander of the Imperial Guard. The terms of the armistice are that the whole Russian army shall quit Moravia in fifteen, and Gallicia and Poland in thirty days; they are to go home by a route which

[1] The strength of the Austro-Russian army at Austerlitz is stated by M. Thiers to number 90,000 men. Napoleon had 65,000 French troops with him, but the corps of Bernadotte, the grenadiers and infantry of his Guard, were in reserve and were not brought into action at all. The French army, however, lost 7,000 men, killed and wounded.

will be marked out for them. Negotiations for peace were to be immediately opened at Nicolsburg, where Talleyrand is gone to-day. The outcry against the English is violent; it increases everyday, and is encouraged by the articles inserted in the 'Vienna Gazette,' and put in the bulletins to make the people believe (and there are many stupid enough to believe it) that the English are the movers of the war, that the ministers are bought with English money, and that the emperors of Germany and Russia are the victims of this deep wicked policy. Some of these articles are written to diminish the odium against the French so universally prevalent in Vienna. It is quite curious to think of the dullness and stupidity on one side in the ministers and generals, and the activity and good luck on the other. As to the declaration of war, nobody doubts that being a precipitate and foolish step. But with respect to the late battle, if the Russians had still retreated and not attacked, the Archduke Charles must have come in the rear of the French army in a few days; and it is evident something of this sort was suspected by bridges being

Outcry against England.

made and preparations for a retreat; or if the battle had been given only two days before, the victory would probably have been on their side, for the detachments of General Bernadotte from the side of Styria and General Davoust from the side of Presburg joined the army only the night before the battle, 27,000 men strong!

Evidence of the battle.

Wednesday, December 11.—The scepticism of the people of Vienna is beyond all conception; they would not believe the armistice, they would not believe that the French had gained the victory at Austerlitz, and even the prisoners marched in were said to be French soldiers dressed in Russian rags, &c. However, this want of faith, so ill-placed, has given way to the succession of events which confirm what there was never good reason to doubt. The armistice is true, and the troops and ammunition, are returning as fast as possible, for provisions are very scarce on the side towards Brünn and in Moravia. The victory has been most complete on the side of the French. Napoleon commanded in person and displayed great generalship. He was on the watch in the bivouac all the

preceding night, visited all the posts and spoke to all the generals and harangued the soldiers. They lighted the straw on which they were lying on the ground and the whole line was in a blaze as their emperor passed; for a day or two before the battle, the soldiers had little or nothing to eat, and the officers ate flour mixed with water. The French and the Russians fought with great bravery. The left wing of the French was defeated at first, the right wing of the Russian army suffered very much, and the Emperor and Constantine in going to assist that, weakened their centre, on which the French artillery rushed upon them, and surrounded one-half of the army, numbers were made prisoners, and an officer who related to me this said, the most horrible sight presented itself to see two battalions in their retreat driven into a lake or large pond, where many were drowned and destroyed by the ice giving way under the fire of the French guns. Many thousand Russian prisoners are marched into Vienna, poor miserable ragged wretched objects; the hospitals, convents, and schools are filled with the wounded from both armies.

The general officers and Prince Repnin were treated with the greatest kindness and humanity by the Emperor Napoleon: he took them into his own house, and gave Prince Repnin his own bed. This officer has four wounds: he fought with great bravery, and Napoleon respects and rewards bravery under every shape. He has gained great fame by this victory.

Terms of peace were repeatedly sent to Olmütz before the battle, but refused. After this important affair was decided, the Emperor of Germany passed over the field of battle, to have an interview with the Emperor of France, and he was quite overcome by the sight of the slain. The two emperors met and conversed in the open air, walking before a great fire, and surrounded by a circle of their guards. This Prince Repnin was saved and taken prisoner by a French grenadier; the prince offered him his watch and some gold to save his life, he refused it and said, 'je ne veux pas être payé, je ne fais que mon devoir,' and he protected him from being massacred by some of his comrades. The prince will find him out and is resolved to make his fortune. It is

said before the battle some days, some correspondence took place concerning peace. The Emperor Francis sent to know on what conditions the Emperor Napoleon would conclude a treaty. He sent back three separate and distinct series of articles. 'First. Such and such are the conditions I propose now (naming them, which nobody can know). If I give battle to the Russians and gain it, which I shall do, such and such will be my demands; if then, I am obliged to fight the Archduke Charles, and if *I gain that battle*, the Emperor of Germany must surrender himself to my discretion.' In consequence of this, after the affair at Austerlitz, the Emperor of Germany found himself obliged to sue for peace; and he and the Emperor of Russia parted very good friends. Everyone agrees in saying the battle of Austerlitz was a splendid affair; it is worthy to be the pendant of the battle of Trafalgar. An old officer said, the Emperor Napoleon won it himself by his own exertions; he bivouacqued two or three nights before the battle, and on hearing the soldiers swearing against him and against his plans for making them wait, 'Voilà (dit-il) l'impatience

française; je vous connais, mes enfans; attendez jusqu'à demain, vous aurez l'ennemi à battre.'

Sums levied on Vienna.

Monday, December 16.—The town is in great distress concerning the contributions. The sum demanded by the French is 100 millions of francs for the whole of Austria, including Syria, Carinthia, &c., and the share which Vienna is called upon to pay amounts to ten millions of guldens, which the inhabitants say they are unable to pay. An order is published desiring every householder, whether subject or stranger, whose annual income amounts to more than 100 guldens to pay a sum equal to half the annual rent of his dwelling-house or shop, or warehouse, and the proprietors of houses or land are to pay a sum equivalent to the amount of their annual taxes. For this money they receive an obligation or bond from the regency of the town, payable at the end of two years, and on this obligation six per cent. will be paid half-yearly to commence directly. The money is wanted immediately, and in case of refusal or delay a military requisition is threatened. It is quite impossible for many

persons to pay, because they have no money, and none will lend. Gentlemen have not received money from their estates, merchants have not had their payments, owing to the interruption of the posts. Couriers have been sent in all directions to request the emperor to advance money, but in vain. A petition for delay has been sent to Napoleon, but no answer given. The richest people are in great want, for one-third of the revenue of their landed property was demanded for their own army; the various requisitions made by the French, amounting to 500,000 guldens, will fall on the landed interest.

The Prussian treaty with France.

Rumours again of war: General Bernadotte is sent to Hanover; the Emperor Napoleon remains still here. It is said the Archduke Charles has still 60,000 men, and broke his sword when he heard of the armistice. It is certain the Prussian Minister Haugwitz set off very suddenly and unexpectedly to-day at four o'clock; he received three couriers from his Court this forenoon. He has been treated very coolly by all the French, and by everybody else, since he has

been here. They call him 'Notre double allié!'[1]

Friday, December 20.—Nothing is yet decided; the same degree of uncertainty still continues. Rumours both of peace and war, and all equally void of foundation. The Emperor Napoleon is still at Schönbrunn, and a garrison of 40,000 men in Vienna and its environs. A deficiency of provisions begins to be felt; the Archduke Charles will not allow any oxen or articles to pass from Hungary to this place. An envoy is gone from the regency to have an audience with the emperor at Holitch. Count Purgstall is gone as courier; his return is anxiously ex-

Want of food.

[1] It was at this crisis that Haugwitz, the Prussian Minister, who had been sent to Vienna, with a view to evade rather than to perform the engagements Prussia had entered into with her Northern allies, suddenly changed his hand and signed a treaty of alliance with France, one of the conditions of which was that Prussia should annex Hanover. To these terms Haugwitz had the baseness to submit. The object of Napoleon was to detach Prussia entirely from England by the seizure of the King's Hanoverian dominions. This led, as we shall see at the close of this Journal, to war between England and Prussia: but the Court of Berlin bitterly expiated in the following year, at Jena, its perfidious abandonment of Russia and Austria in the campaign of 1805, and its base acceptance of Hanover as the price of a French alliance.

pected. The butchers shut up their shops, and only give out small portions of meat to families; many can get none. Famine begins to stare us in the face. It was so at Brünn and the neighbourhood, and I saw a letter from a little village between Znaym and Iglau, where the inhabitants are obliged to feed and nourish 10,000 men. Everything is put in requisition; the whole country is quite devastated; all the cows and sheep killed, all the horses put in requisition to transport the cannon and baggage. This is the third time of this place being obliged to furnish provisions for so many troops. The Russians burnt, and ate, and destroyed everything they could lay hands on, to prevent, as they said, anything being left for the French, who were following them. A gentleman (Mr. Paur) distrusting the paper money, and unable to purchase land, for that is bought up by the great seigneurs, laid out 4,000*l.* in wine, to have some representation of his capital; the whole of this is drunk and destroyed, and all his little fortune is lost. The state of the country is dreadful, and must be worse if the war continues, for the cornfields

are not cultivated or sown because the men and horses were obliged to transport Russian troops during the months of October and September—the time of ploughing and sowing. The obligations for the contribution are at forty per cent. discount, and the bancozettel seventy-five per cent.; if one wishes to have cash only 25 florins in cash is given for 50 in paper, and only fifty in paper for the obligations.

Saturday, December 21.—It is said in the 'Zeitung' that provisions will be supplied from Hungary. Much said about the landing of the English and Russian troops at Naples. It seems the King of Naples has forfeited his word and broken the treaty of neutrality signed at Paris in September, and ratified at Portici in October last.[1] I read the 'Morning Chronicle' from October 15 to November 1, full of speculations on the fate of the Austrian

[1] The King of Naples, encouraged by the victory of Trafalgar, had just declared himself against the French, and on November 19, a corps of 10,000 Russian and 6,000 British troops landed on the shores of Naples. The intelligence of this act of hostility reached Napoleon at the very moment of his triumph, and he responded to it by a fierce proclamation declaring that the Bourbons of Naples had 'ceased to reign.'

army; the postscripts[1] well written in the way of foretelling events, and the absurd reports well avoided. The story about the outrage committed at Stuttgard in seizing the Russian and Austrian ambassadors is not true; quite the reverse: they were treated with great respect.

The Emperor Napoleon at Schönbrunn.

Sunday, December 22.—This day may be noted as remarkable in this Journal, and in my life, for to-day I have seen BONAPARTE the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. I went to the chapel at Schönbrunn with Mr. Gräzenstein, and I had a complete view of him at mass. He was alone in the emperor's tribune on one side of the altar on high, his pages and attendants in adjoining seats. His countenance struck me as very remarkable, fuller, broader, and fatter than I had expected to have seen it, and his person stouter and older than usually represented. He has the usual marks of the sanguine melancholic temperament, dark hair, small dark eyes,

[1] What is now termed the 'leading article' in a newspaper was described fifty years ago as the 'editorial postscript.' It was supposed to contain the reflections of the editor after he had received his budget of news. I think the term is now almost forgotten.

rather fixed than animated, and a very piercing countenance; the forehead high, nose somewhat Grecian rather than aquiline, and cheek-bones and chin rather prominent; his physiognomy is striking, and there is a deal of character displayed in his countenance. His hair is cut short like the present mode. He was simply dressed in the regimentals of the guards or chasseurs à cheval, very dark green with red collar with gold epaulets, and a small star on his left side. After chapel he reviewed the Imperial and Royal Guards and an immense train of artillery. He came out of the palace, accompanied by four pages in scarlet and gold, eight servants in green and gold liveries, and many generals, officers, and attendants. Four grooms held a fine grey horse which he mounted, and every person uncovered. He galloped up to the line and then passed slowly along. His profile is very different from the front view of his face, and to me appeared more unfavourable; he sits badly on horseback, stooping, and is distinguished by the great simplicity of his dress—a simple small cocked hat without any lace, while his attend-

ants are all glitter and gold. The pomps and equipage of the army is certainly great beyond all conception. The different regiments of guards are superb troops, consisting of eight or ten squadrons, the greater part of them mounted upon fine black horses, which seem to betray their birth and breed at Hanover! The Mameluke guard of about fifty or sixty men produces a striking effect; it attended General Berthier to-day. Prince Murat, Prince Borghese, General Berthier, General Clarke and all the principal officers were at the review. The whole sight was magnificent. Almost all the officers and many of the men wear the badge of merit; this red ribbon is the mark of their having signalised themselves, and as belonging to the 'legion of honour.' This honorary distinction is of infinite service: it gratifies particularly the national character.

The impression left on my mind, after looking at Bonaparte attentively for a considerable time, was that of increased admiration. There is a great deal of mental activity in almost every feature, though not vivacity; acuteness, quickness, and severity seem to be

the predominant qualities. The lower part of the face appears constantly in action, revolving on itself and its complicated concerns; and Lavater would fix upon such a face in a crowd as bearing the marks of a superior and most extraordinary man. To enable one to judge more accurately it is necessary to see him and observe him when speaking.

Haydn's 'Seasons.'

December 25, Christmas Day.—The weather is very mild, wet, and dirty from a gentle thaw which took place a few days ago; no snow or frost, dull, and joyless. I dined on roast beef and plum-pudding with Mr. Acklom, and in the evening went to hear the oratorio 'The Seasons,' composed by Haydn from subjects taken from our poet Thomson. The first overture is expressive of the passing over of the Winter and the opening of Spring; three characters are introduced: Simon a farmer, his daughter Jean, and a young peasant called Lucas, and these three personages recite and sing and are joined by a chorus of country people and huntsmen in the chace. Some of the airs are lively and pretty, and the choruses appear well arranged. The soprano parts were chiefly sung by boys.

The foolish attempt to make the sound echo to the sense is too often made. Nothing struck me as particularly fine, and I should feel disposed to consider the 'Seasons' inferior to the 'Creation,' in having fewer fine passages and fewer beauties, and more faults of the same kind as in that composition. However, I cannot be allowed to judge, for I heard this performed to great disadvantage, an orchestra not well filled, and only Jean (Mademoiselle Laucher) who could sing; she has a good voice and good taste. The words are trumpery—a downright murder of poor Jemmy Thomson. By way of apology it may be mentioned that no concerts or places of amusement are open usually for the day of Christmas and the day preceding and following it; but as the French garrison remains here, an attempt was made to furnish some amusement and to increase the funds of the widows and orphans of decayed musicians. Few persons were present; chiefly military. Maret, minister and secretary to the French Emperor, we noted among *the most* distinguished characters present.[1]

[1] Maret, afterwards Duc de Bassano, died in 1834.

Cherubini at a concert.

I was at a public concert at the theatre on Sunday night, 22nd, at which Cherubini directed: the vocal music was his composition; nothing remarkable in any part. There was a concerto on the oboe, and also one on the harp; the latter very pleasing, played by a woman who excels on this instrument. The oboe-concerto was much applauded, but the good folks had never heard one Michael Sharp, whose breath 'the reed to sweetest strains compelled.' The bass singer at the oratorio was an elderly man dressed in black, and had his hair powdered, with a bag and sword.

Contribution of war.

The contribution levied after the battle of Austerlitz is reported to be one hundred million of francs, and in the following proportions:—

Upper Austria	10,000,000 francs.
Lower Austria	32,000,000 „
Moravia	12,000,000 „
Tyrol	9,000,000 „
Gorice and Gradisea	9,000,000 „
Carinthia and Carniola	14,000,000 „
Styria	6,000,000 „
Bohemia	2,000,000 „
Trieste and the Adriatic Coast	6,000,000 „
Total	100,000,000 francs.

The town of Vienna had to pay about thirteen millions, a sum which they were unable to raise by all the means that could be thought of. An order was issued for every inhabitant, whether Austrian subject or stranger, to pay a sum equal to half a year's rent, and every proprietor of a house was obliged to pay a sum equal to the amount of the annual house taxes. Many could not pay it. An audience was petitioned for and granted by the Emperor Napoleon, and he agreed to accept the two millions which had been taken in the magistrates' treasury in part of the payment. His conversation with the deputies is reported to be very low and vulgar; they remained there nearly two hours, and the emperor spoke alone most part of the time, and talked of all the politics and intrigues of Europe, while he received the adulation of the four worshipful magistrates.

Peace signed at Presburg.

Saturday, December 28.—This morning the signature of a treaty of peace at Presburg yesterday between their majesties the emperors of France and Austria was announced; and Te Deum was sung in the cathedral by order of the magistrates, who went in great

form. All the bourgeois were under arms, and the church was crowded with the citizens of Vienna and the French soldiers mixed among them; the magistrates and what noblemen are here were on one side, while General Clarke and many French general officers were seated on the other. Friends and foes all met together to celebrate the return of peace. It is somewhat ridiculous that prayers have been daily offered up in St. Stephen's for peace for three months past even before war was fully declared, and now the people return thanks for being most severely beaten by the Lord's anointed. Never was a country so completely subdued, never was a conqueror who used his victory and triumph with such moderation; never did a numerous and victorious army behave with more forbearance and moderation. Some excesses and irregularity in the country could not be prevented, among such an infinite number of *traineurs*, but these were punished severely, and the conduct of officers and men in Vienna deserves all praise. Mildness, gentleness, and affability and activity are the general characters; that excessive gaiety and

vivacity, so much talked of, did not appear in any degree; great good humour among all ranks but no frivolity. It is said that part of the national character of the French is lost since the revolution; it might easily be lost with advantage. The common soldiers are affable and amiable, most of them very intelligent and as a body superior to the officers, their active and enterprising character strongly portrayed in their countenances when compared with the *dummheit* of the modern Scythians. The contrast was remarkably displayed in the motley crowd at the cathedral, even the French soldiers laughed and spoke at the inanity of the noble senators.

The articles of peace are not yet known. Those persons who have to furnish food and lodging to their conquerors are quite delighted at the idea of peace on any terms; but the common people, who have nothing to lose and know already how much has been lost, are still for war, and even go so far in their political scepticism as not to give credit to the official news of peace being signed. They expect their favourite hero Archduke Charles to deliver them. Yesterday the Emperor

Napoleon and the Archduke Charles had an interview of several hours at Stammerstorf, two posts from Vienna; the meeting was arranged between themselves, and no one knew more than that these two heroes were going hunting, as was planned. I saw the Emperor Napoleon going in a coach and eight horses, with a coach and six preceding him and another coach and four following, and his guard *en grand tenue* at noon; he returned at night and left Schönbrunn very early this morning for Munich.

1806. *January* 1.—According to an old custom of making merry and sending wishes on New Year's Day, cards and presents and almanacks and emblematical figures are sent round to all people's friends and acquaintance. Formerly visits were made, but the spirit of the custom is preserved, though the form is fled. The balls and parties of pleasure are omitted on account of the circumstances of the times.

The following verses written on the palace at Schönbrunn are in circulation:

J'ai vu le palais somptueux
Qu'habite à la campagne,

Pendant l'été, François Deux :
Sur le choix s'il me demandait
Je prefère, foi d'homme honnête,
La campagne qu'il habite
A la Campagne qu'il a faite.[1]

Saturday, January 4.—Nothing particular has occurred this week. The articles of peace talked of but not yet published; the ratification took place on Wednesday. This is perhaps the first time in history that a monarch ever signed a treaty of peace which he was ashamed to proclaim to his people; but this is the real fact. Some say the articles will not be published till the French have quitted the town, which will be in eight days after the ratification. The Emperor Francis and his troops will make a grand *entrée* the latter end of next week. The French soldiers march every day; they take goods with them instead of the paper money. They have carried away all the cannon they found here, nearly 3,000, and as much metal as will make 3,000 more; yet double that number remain still in other depôts. Austria alone had cannon enough for all Europe;

[1] I am afraid these lines are incorrectly transcribed, for as they stand they cannot pass for French verses at all.

nearly a thousand were cast every year.[1] The weather was remarkably mild. On New Year's day the sun shone and was quite warm; such a winter is unusually mild, not so cold as in England; more rain than snow.

General Dumas.

1806. *January* 10.—Dined at Count Purgstall's and met General Dumas, quarter-master-general, and one of the favourite generals of Bonaparte. He is an elderly small man, very intelligent, lively countenance, and as interesting and clever in his conversation as in his appearance. He is a master of the great matters of war and politics which come before him, and expresses himself with great clearness and perspicuity. He speaks English very well, and German too. We had a deal of conversation on the political state of France and England, and the absurd views, and false politics of certain ministers; the uncertainty of a state whose existence depends upon events, for if England lose one battle at sea, she is lost entirely, according to the French notion, that is to say, she either

[1] This was the cannon which supplied the materials for the Column of the Place Vendôme erected in memory of the campaign of Austerlitz.

will be invaded or she will lose some of her best foreign possessions. Preparations were made for a battle at St. Polten which was expected to have been offered by Meerveldt throughout the campaign. The allied armies have been deceived by his emperor's manœuvres. Such was the affair at Austerlitz.

A *corps de reserve* of Russians arrived at Olmütz the very day of the battle of Austerlitz, and another army the day after, making together an army of 30,000 men strong. The Emperor of Russia was quite deceived by the accounts of the state of the French army; the allied armies, in short, were completely outgeneralled; the numbers were exaggerated on both sides.

There were no preparations made for a retreat by the combined armies; they were thrown into the greatest confusion by the defeat: no one commanded, the two emperors rode about encouraging their men. Constantine broke the line by his precipitate bravery; the numbers were equal, the battle hardly fought and fairly won.

General Dumas examined the course of

the river March for three days in order to form a plan for attacking the Archduke Charles. He told Bonaparte La Fayette was 'a Methodist in liberty' when he refused to acknowledge Bonaparte as consul for life. La Fayette's son is with the army, a fine gallant youth. The army collected at Boulogne could be, and was, embarked on the flotilla in three hours, and only waited for Villeneuve to attack the British fleet.

An escape from the doctors.

In the convent of St. Augustine a fever broke out among the sick and wounded men placed there. Two of the medical attendants caught it and died; five of the fathers who attended the sick caught the fever also, four of them were attended and treated with great religious care and skill, but they all died. The fifth, who was more ill than the rest, and given up and neglected because all hopes of cure were at an end, was most luckily left alone; in his delirium one evening he escaped from the ward of the hospital (which was the church), and ran, only covered with his shirt, upon the glacis—the ramparts—where he laid down and slept, and in the morning was found much refreshed and without fever; he was

conducted back and was cured; the rest were killed. These patriarchal doctors follow the old stewing plan and keep their patients very hot, and allow them nothing but decoction of mallows, with stink and dirt and heat enough to destroy them. The patient is not even allowed to wash his hands before a certain day, when the fever is gone, which usually lasts twenty-one days.

State of Austria.

The dominions of the House of Austria are calculated to be the richest and most flourishing of states under a well-directed government, yet it is one of the poorest and most miserable. Look at the wretched half-human peasants, who come from Hungary, clothed in a sheep-skin, with two miserable little half-starved ponies and a cart worth nothing, with some trifling commodity coming to be sold at the capital, and you will naturally ask on looking at the map and reading the history of such a rich and fertile land, what is the reason such men, such horses, and such inferior things are found in a country fitted by its locality, by its great rivers, by its mines and natural productions, to be one of the most prosperous and powerful? The greater part

of the land is neglected and uncultivated, and the feudal system exists in all its tyranny and its consequences.

The French evacuate Vienna.

Sunday, January 12.—The French troops have almost all quitted Vienna; very few remain except the sick and wounded and the medical staff (Dr. Biron), and scarcely any soldiers or officers are seen in the streets. The advanced posts of the Austrian army, under the Archduke, are approaching the town; two or three officers have already arrived. It is said the French are to quit Upper Austria within six weeks after the signing of the treaty of peace, and the whole empire within three months. Their conduct, on the whole, is entitled to great praise; the discipline in the army very great; the number of *traineurs*, owing to the rapidity of marching, inordinately great, and of course some pillaging would occur. The marshals and generals are exorbitant in their demands, and these polite pillagers are the greatest plunderers of all. Owing to the absence of what was in such quantity, the streets have an odd appearance; but the German nobility now begin to come out of their hiding-places, and the running

footmen and equipages rattle about once more; the theatres are crowded too, after an abstinence of two months. The French have had possession of Vienna since November 12.

Wednesday, January 15.—I dined at Professor Jacquin's, and met Dr. Biron and his son-in-law, médecin-en-chef de l'armée Française, Professor Jordan, and a lady who affected to speak English. Not much interesting conversation, but an agreeable party. In the evening, went to see a new tragic piece at the theatre, quite in the terrific German style, a deal of rant and riot and affecting situations. The piece is called 'Fridolin,' founded on a ballad of Schiller's. A jealous husband determines to destroy Fridolin, a youth suspected of alienating his wife's affections; he was to have been thrown into a smelting furnace, but happily another man, a rascal, is thrown in in his stead. Some good scenery, and some interesting situations were contrived, but I do not think it worth while to enter upon any critical detail.

'Fridolin' on the stage.

Thursday, January 16.—François II., emperor of the Romans, king of Jerusalem,

The Emperor Francis re-enters Vienna.

&c. entered the town this forenoon, with all the pomp and parade of a triumphal entry after a glorious victory. The government, *les états* mounted on horseback, i.e. the nobility of Austria, dressed in regimentals, went out to meet him; the burgher guards were under arms, the commandant of the town (the Prince of Würtemberg) at the gate, and all the inhabitants assembled to receive their much-loved ruler. It was a melancholy and affecting sight, notwithstanding all the gaiety and fine clothes, and glitter and gold brought out for the occasion. To see a monarch return to his capital from which he had been driven by an enemy, to see his people gathered together to express their attachment and loyalty, and to reflect upon the causes of such triumphal entrances into cities produced a mournful train of reflection and feeling. The emperor and the empress were both very much affected; they shed tears; they came unattended by any guard, and the whole military parade was left entirely to the National Guard (the *bourgeois*), who have had the protection and defence of the town. All the royal party and attendants

went to the cathedral, and after church a circle or drawing-room was held, which was numerously attended. In the evening the emperor went to the theatre without any ceremony, and was at the masquerade in the Salle de Redoute. I saw him there dressed in a simple domino without a mask, and walking and talking with Count Wrbna and two other persons belonging to the court. His physiognomy is rather striking; it betrays good sense and a habit of thinking for himself. An air of care and anxiety is spread over his face, which gives him the marks of age; his figure is small, his eyes dark and expressive. His talents are undervalued by the generality of people, though everyone agrees in praising the excellent goodness of his heart.

The number of men under arms to-day amounted to 23,000. Why were they not organised and combined with some more regular and experienced troops, and, under some skilful general, ordered to repair the misfortunes and disgrace of the affair at Ulm? The pomp and idle parade corresponded ill with the real circumstances. Ancient triumphs are now no more, for the conquerors and the

conquered nowadays enter their capitals with loud applause, while in more savage times the one would have been dragged at the heels of the car, or marched before the proud procession of the victor. The contrast of different things is curious; to-day, after looking at the entrance of one emperor, I read the intended ceremony of another. He who wins and he who loses—both are greeted by the frail and fickle mob, *profanum vulgus*. While the Prince of Würtemberg was receiving his master, his brother was taking titles and towns from the hands of his enemy. It was remarkable too to see a sovereign on an equal footing, as it were, with all his people, without any attendants at the masquerade; he was greeted with loud plaudits when he walked about, and when he quitted the room.

Entry of the Austrian troops.

Saturday, January 18.—The Austrian army, under the command of the Archduke Charles, arrived here this morning. Five regiments of infantry and two regiments of cavalry were reviewed on the glacis, and marched in parade order before the emperor and his brothers the Archduke Charles, John, and Ferdinand, and a number of general officers

in their gala dress, with their ribbons and honours. The Archduke Charles resembles much the portraits that are given of him; all the brothers indeed are much alike, not much activity in the countenances of any. The physiognomy of Charles is not so expressive as the emperor's. All the marks of grief and despondent anxiety were depicted on his face and the Archduke John's. It is said they are both quite melancholy. They were cheered by the people, and the Archduke Ferdinand, who brought up the rear of the troops reviewed, was particularly distinguished.

I could not help noticing to-day, as the regiments marched by me, the uniform dullness and inactivity of the countenances in the soldiers—scarcely two men different from the rest, all heavy alike, expressive of patient submission to the will and authority of anyone put over them. How different from the gay, lively, animated countenances of the Frenchmen! But they and their poor commanders have reason to look grave. The news of the armistice made the Archduke Charles burst into tears. The policy of Bonaparte is to prevent Austria from disputing the weight of

the power of France on the Continent, and to deprive England of her proud title of mistress of the seas, to which France, from her population, her power, her extent of coast and rank among the nations of Europe, is alone (in his idea) entitled. Such were the two articles hinted or expressed in the overtures for peace before the battle of Austerlitz.

'Blue Beard.'

In the evening I went to the Wieden theatre, to see a favourite actress take leave in the character of Maria, in the opera of 'Blue Beard.' The applause was great without being violent, according to the custom of the country. I did not like the story so well as it is told in our little books and upon our stage; the music was pretty, and the march lively and gay; the theatre crowded in all parts.

January 28.—Introduced to Mr. Rudolph, operating surgeon at the hospital. Mr. Rudolph is a well-informed man, a skilful operator, and has profited in the great school of hospital practice. He has published some practical observations on hernia, of which he had extensive experience, and he is engaged in preparing another volume of mis-

cellaneous surgical observations for publication. He showed me the instruments employed by Payola for cutting for the stone.

A private ball.

Tuesday, January 28.—Baron and Madame Gränzenstein and I gave a ball and sandwich party this evening. The company was select, though not numerous—the ladies of all ages and of all countries; the display of gaiety and grace was equal to anything Vienna could afford. Twelve couple stood up at a country dance, called here an 'Ecossaise,' which I began with Miss Acklom, and as many waltzed, without including us English, who did not venture our heads in such a lively whirligig. Ices were handed about between the dances, and at eleven o'clock my room was thrown open, and a very handsome supper-table, with a well-served entertainment, appeared. Dancing was renewed after supper, and continued till nearly four o'clock in the morning. The greater part of the pleasure of this evening arose not only from seeing others pleased, but from the recollection of the dancing parties which I had been at in England this time twelve months; and this association was more forcibly excited by my

Miss Acklom opens the ball.

small table, with one of his arms resting upon a cushion, and a chess-board placed before him. He plays the game with any one of the persons present, and always gains it; at least he has never yet been beaten. The regularity and exactitude with which he moves his chess-men is quite extraordinary, and when anyone transgresses the established rules of the game, the machine shakes its head as a sign of disapprobation. The proprietor shows all the parts of the machine before it begins to work; this appears very simple and in no great quantity, and the whole is in a small space, and is moved about upon wheels. When the alphabet is placed before this automaton, it answers any question proposed, by pointing in exact order to the several letters necessary to spell any words in reply. The actions of this ingenious contrivance excite the greatest wonder and astonishment, and these are not diminished by all the explanation which the proprietor and others give—those who are and those who are not ignorant of the secret.

German theatre.

In the evening went to the theatre to see 'Claudian,' a piece translated from the French,

in which a Savoyard girl with her child wanders to Turin in search of Belmont, an *Anglois très riche*, and *un bon garçon*, who had seduced her. The ballets called the 'Deserter' followed, an amusing story and prettily told, also translated from the French. There seems to be nothing very original in Germany of any sort or kind, and the fashion of borrowing from others prevents the habit, as it sets aside the necessity, of thinking or inventing anything themselves.[1] All the trash of the French stage is translated, and rendered and acted still worse by bad action and worse translation. Yet this is suffered because the people are not allowed either to hiss or to applaud.

General view of Vienna in 1806.

In taking a view of the comparative merits of the capital of a foreign country and of one's own, it is impossible to be in a state to judge fairly and impartially either of the one or the other, because so many circumstances, trivial in themselves, conspire to

[1] A singular remark for anyone to make when Goethe was alive, Schiller recently dead, and the theatre of Weimar in its highest perfection; but it probably means that the works of the great German dramatists were not then acted at Vienna.

prejudice the mind and warp the judgment. First, it may be remarked that a foreigner feels himself out of his element as it were; the languages, the manners, the customs, the conversation, and notions of the people are quite different from what he has been accustomed to, and his self-love always makes him run a parallel with everything he meets. An Englishman is more sensible to all these disadvantages than any other person, in proportion as the languages and customs are more new and unadapted to him, and he is more likely to undervalue and despise every other place on account of everything being upon a scale of inferiority when compared with London. After saying thus much as an apology for any apparent severity in the censure I am going to pass upon Vienna, I shall shortly relate some of the principal circumstances which struck me during four months' residence at this place.

The town itself is not large, but the suburbs (*faubourgs*) are very considerable in all directions; the town is surrounded by ramparts, a ditch and glacis with bastions, and the gates are always guarded by soldiers.

There is much of the military form always to be seen, and it is easy to see that everything is regulated more by force and formality than by freedom and goodwill. The streets are narrow and the houses lofty: hence they are dark and dull, and, as every house has double windows, few persons indulge themselves in the luxury of looking out into the street; it is easier to look at what your opposite neighbours are doing. In very few places there is a sort of paved footpath, in general none; and the foot-passengers are very little respected. A hackney coachman bawls out every minute as he drives along, and expects everyone will get out of his way. When one of the *noblesse*, with one or two running footmen with lighted torches in their hands, appears in the streets, it is necessary to take care to avoid being run over. How different the noble grandeur and style of a duke or a rich lord, who rides in his coach-and-four, and has his outriders mounted on fine horses, as noble, as grand, and as well fed as their owner—that is real magnificence; the other is anything else but grandeur, for a fellow-man is degraded in the very display of it.

Ranks of Society.

There are two classes of society, what is called the first class consisting of the nobles and families of distinction, and ministers and officers of state, and the second made up of the second nobility so called, barons for example, and persons of fortune without titles or family honours. The division is so complete that a lady belonging to one of these clans or castes never is received in the other, or if a grandee condescends to enter among the second rate, she is allowed to take the first seat, to give herself airs, and not to speak a word to any of the vulgar. Family pride and distinction is carried to a ridiculous pitch, even to a degree hurtful to the state, for no parvenu, no man of low rank, however great his merit, can be employed in any diplomatic line or charge of civil or military affairs of importance. This is another occasion to bless my good fortune that I have drawn such a prize in the lottery of life as to be born in a country where everyone has the right to any situation that his talents, his exertions, and his merits entitle him to, where true equality exists, wisely as it has been defined, 'an equal right to unequal things.'

Sleeping quarters.

The manner of living resembles that of the French; people live one above another and ascend a common staircase, in general very dirty, and the menservants sleep and sit in the ante-room or hall. In most of the suite of apartments, or *quartiers*, is a cabinet with sofas, which are used as such by day, and are beds by night. In other rooms the beds are seen placed; they are small wooden bedsteads, just big enough for one person, generally two of them placed adjoining each other, without any heads or curtains to them, and only consisting of a mattress, sheet, and coverlid, no blanket, and these light coverings scarcely wide enough to tuck comfortably up. As the people sleep in the same room which they sit in during the day, or in one adjoining, it is warm, and much covering is not required. Menservants make the beds and sweep the rooms, and scour the floors, excepting the ladies', which the *femme-de-chambre* takes charge of. In Italy the men do even this, and men-cooks are universal.

The Germans take very little for breakfast; a dish of coffee and a bit of bread suffices till dinner; many eat nothing at all.

Conversation and literature.

The usual hour of dinner is from one to three o'clock among all classes of people. They do not sit long at table; coffee is usually served in another room, and the company separate at six o'clock, when most people pay visits or go to the opera or to the theatre. The pleasures of social discussion and the gay fireside are quite unknown. The conversation is for the most part dull, languid, and uninteresting, often, in what is called *la bonne compagnie*, indecent and licentious. The married women are always expecting to be in love, and to have young men *faire la cour* to them; and the young misses are corrupted by what they hear, and are left to amuse themselves. With regard to literature, arts, and sciences, Vienna is far behind other towns even of Germany. Reading is in a manner forbidden by the Government not allowing the free circulation even of classical books; and many a man with a smattering of knowledge has a reputation of being a *savant* without being able to keep up a conversation for half-an-hour without betraying his gross ignorance. Literary men are not

respected as at Paris, and it is one of the slowest ways to eminence to write a book.

Commercial affairs are few and insignificant; there is no spirit of speculation among the people, and the cold behaviour of the shopkeepers is quite disgusting to a stranger. The shops are small and not ornamented, the windows are very narrow, and only a few articles are hung out to catch the eye of the passengers. As most of the shopkeepers only hire their shops in the town and live in the *faubourgs* or in a house elsewhere, the generality of the shops are shut up from one to two o'clock at noon, and always early in the evening. For these people must all go to the play too. Politics are seldom talked of; the people are indifferent upon every topic but mere idle objects of amusement, and the new ballet or play, the dress of the *bourgeois*, the parade of their emperor's return, &c., is more eagerly talked about than the miserable treaty of peace, the loss of an army, or the overthrow of an empire. The subject is 'traurig' they say, and in this world we ought to amuse ourselves. What a wretched state for the greater part of

Europe to be in! yet such is the true state of it at present.

The theatres are five in number, dull and ill-lighted, open every night, chiefly musical operas performed; the far greater proportion of pieces performed are translations from the French—few original plays of any kind. The actors are awkward and stupid, and the actresses still worse; the orchestra excellent. There is no comparison with Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

Furniture and decorations.

In respect to furniture, the houses of the nobles are handsomely fitted up; but in the generality of houses the rooms are rather tawdrily than elegantly or neatly furnished. Most of the princes have several houses and an abundance of furniture. Carpets are rarely seen, and mahogany is seldom used for tables or chairs; looking-glasses and painted sofas in abundance. The floors are made of walnut or oak wood cut into small squares, and these are cleaned by means of waxing and brushing like the tables. Invitations are seldom sent in writing; such presuppose some grand party. I may forbear entering upon any comparison when I declare that

London and Paris appear to be the only two places in the world which possess all the advantages of the capitals of great and civilised nations.

The trade in corn.

The commerce of grain was formerly quite free, exportation and importation allowed; but exportation has within these three or four years been prohibited, and no person can trade in grain without having a privilege granted by Government. This is of course subject to great abuses. Millers and bakers are great capitalists, and most of them rich. They buy the corn of the proprietors, as there are no tenants who rent the farms of the *seigneurs*. The feudal system exists in all its fatal force. By the advice of a foolish favourite the emperor bought lands a few years ago and turned farmer, and many regulations were made with a view of benefiting the grower of corn, much to the injury of the public, while that wholesome maxim was overlooked, 'that the interests of the landholder and the consumer are closely and inseparably connected.' There are schools for the education of the people, but these are rather discouraged by the lords than patron-

ised, and are in a bad unsatisfactory state. Lawsuits are very common; they last long, and are liable to many abuses; the attorneys are generally rich men. The clergy are partly paid by a fund established by the Emperor Joseph after the suppression of some of the convents, partly by the tithes from the land, and partly by an annual allowance from the landed proprietor. The amount varies considerably in different places. Some livings are worth 1,000 to 1,500 fls. per annum. Divorce cannot take place without a dispensation from the Pope, and then the marriage can only be declared void, except it be proved that it was never consummated, in which case the woman can marry again, but not otherwise. Separations between man and wife are easily made, and extremely common.

Pauperism.

The poor are in great numbers throughout the whole empire; pauperism is considerably increased within these few years, since the two last wars. There is an establishment or fund for their maintenance, arising partly from the sale of ecclesiastical lands (sold when the convents were suppressed by the

Emperor Joseph), and partly from the annual subscription of landed proprietors; but this fund is small and inadequate to the wants. It is, or ought to be, distributed by the clergy of the parishes, but there is bad management and inequality in the detail of this matter.

The author leaves Vienna.

Tuesday, February 4.—I left Vienna this morning, and set out for Prague and Dresden. I cannot pass over the leaving of this place without paying a slight tribute of grateful regard to Baron and Madame Gränzenstein, in whose house I lived three months, and from whom I experienced every mark of kind attention and friendship that the best feelings could suggest. By daily intercourse we became attached to each other, without any particular ties of connection except what arise from mutual esteem and respect. The dissolution of our society showed how closely these common bonds had fastened to our hearts. The Baron was one of the best-hearted men in the world, mild and genteel, and modest in his manners, and most unlike his countrymen; his wife, a lively smart woman of strong feelings, fond of pleasure, and fit to shine in society; the daughter an

excellent little girl—the *trio* right agreeable and good souls. It is rather a misfortune to be so agreeable, and to become so soon domesticated and loved; it costs so much to forego these every-day pleasures, and to leave friends in one place, and go and search to do the same thing in another. This is one of the hardships common to the lot of travellers; the only consolation is the hope of one day seeing the same people and the same place again. I never quitted any place without this hope and this desire; the anticipation is pleasing to the fancy should it never be realised.

Road from Vienna to Prague.

The road from Vienna to Prague, a journey of twenty-one posts (forty-two German miles) is at no time very good or very pleasant; now all its inconveniences are increased by the winter weather, and by the passage of the French troops and artillery, which cut up the ways as far as Iglau most completely. The very first station, instead of being paved and good, showing the approach to a metropolis, resembles more the approach of an Indian wigwam, and bad inns and worse roads are met with through-

out the whole journey to Dresden. The emperor had proposed to make the whole *chaussée*, and materials are collected in many places, and in some even this work is achieved, but the war came, and put a stop to the execution of the plan. A few men were at work here and there, seldom more than one old person at once, who did about as much levelling in one day as a dog would scrape and make smooth in a frolicsome fit or in a modest mood. What a misapplication of men and money! Look at the internal state of the country, at the roads, the means of conveyance; bad management, neglect, and ill-placed economy are everywhere apparent, while in the police establishment a number of hands far more than necessary are employed for ridiculous and formal purposes without any advantage to the state, and without any use to society. A traveller is pestered with printed papers and useless ceremonies, while his carriage is broken, and his own neck risked by the miserable roads and impudent postillions.

At Prague I had the curiosity to enquire how many persons were employed in the

Police establishment.

police office. I was told twenty! I saw half-a-dozen fellows kicking their heels, having nothing to do, and they all acknowledged the justice of my remarks when I told them I would only have half the number and pay them the sum now divided amongst so many. What a poor miserable mock capital, containing 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants, not situated on the frontiers, can have to do with twenty or thirty police officers, exceeds all my powers of imagination.

Ravages of war.

Passed through Mallebern, three posts from Vienna, a village where the houses exhibit the melancholy marks of war. They are all burnt down : only two houses escaped out of a hundred or more perhaps. In the villages and small towns of Austria the houses are only one storey high ; this is built of stone and clay, and the roof is made of wood or thatched with straw, so that fire is easily communicated from one to another, and in this instance every house is half burnt, the roofs are quite destroyed, and in many the other parts are demolished by the flames also. The poor peasants fled to the neighbouring villages, and now only two houses

are habitable, till the rest are again covered in. Carpenters and peasants were busy at work two posts further on. Another village, Groben, of considerable size, is completely burnt and destroyed in the same manner. This was the seat of battle between the French and Russians, and the houses were destroyed by the cannon, and set fire to by shot. Mallebern was set on fire, the peasants say, by the French; the sight is dreadful, the misery and distress of the inhabitants beyond description, and yet they appear almost insensible to so great a disaster. A little beyond Hollabrünn is the field of battle; many graves are seen from the road which contain heaps of the slain. The whole of this country is an immense wide plain, only diversified by a few hills and fewer woods.

An accident on the road.

Hollabrünn is become famous for the defeat of the French, and the battle which took place there, so it was almost impossible for any knight-errant to pass this spot without an adventure, and consequently I had mine. I fought with the post-master, who would insist on giving me more horses than necessary, and I was defeated by the Schwa-

ger, who contrived to break the axletree of my carriage, in the middle of the night, and on the road; luckily the fore wheel only was broken, so it was not overturned, and within half-an-hour of the village. Whilst we were lifting and pulling the carriage upon another pair of wheels to drag it to Hollabrünn at twelve o'clock at night, while the ground was covered with ice and snow, and the snow was falling afresh, a German passed in a carriage, and I begged the Schwager to help us, which he seemed not wholly unwilling to do, when this Pharisaical phlegmatic Herr Baron inside cried out: 'No, he cannot and shall not stop,' and drove on without even stopping a moment to enquire what was the matter; if anyone had been dying, the same circumstance would have happened. It is characistic of this part of Germany; in no other country could such an incident have happened. After two hours' working and waiting the carriage was dragged to the blacksmith's door, who was a Good Samaritan; he leaped out of his bed, called up his men and his maid, set his men to work directly, and offered me a nice warm room to stay the

An accomplished blacksmith.

night in, which I readily accepted. He was very desirous of helping me, and urged on all the rest, the wheelwright and the saddler, &c., to set the broken carriage in order again. This man proved a very well-informed, intelligent fellow. The first proof of his good sense was the manner in which he talked to me of his own country. I found a volume of poems by chance in his room, and his eyes brightened up when our conversation turned upon books, literature, and science; he had read a great deal, and quoted some lines of Pope, which he had become acquainted with in a translation. Rochefoucault's maxims also he had, and pointed out some striking passages; he lamented the dullness of his neighbours, and the little encouragement given to merits or talents. He has made some ingenious improvements with regard to wheel carriages, which he has submitted and proved by experiment; but this is quite neglected, though shown to several persons who ought to patronise it. He is a veterinary surgeon too, understands his profession well, and has made some experiments on cow-pox, not enough, he confessed, to draw any con-

clusive argument with regard to its origin; he is a young man, living in a neat house built by himself, just beginning life, and suffered greatly by the French and Bavarian soldiers, who cost him 600 florins, and, what he lamented much more, some officers broke open his desk and carried away several of his favourite books. I never paid a bill with more real pleasure than 30 florins to this man for his trouble and labour. The carriage was mended and altered in ten hours, and at noon I set off once more.

Austrian postmaster and postillions.

No words can sufficiently express the impudence of the drivers, and the insensibility and negligence of the postmasters. The public are quite at the mercy of these wretches; they abuse you and cheat you beyond all bounds, and the doubled-headed eagle which hangs over the door is no unfit emblem of the manner in which strangers are devoured by these stupid wretches. They have all the bad qualities of savages without any of their instinctive goodness.

Effects of the war.

At the inns I found the conversation turned upon the late transactions during the war. The Russians are praised by all; if

they ever committed any outrages the fault rests with the Austrians, who invited them here to fight, and then gave them nothing to eat. They behaved very well, and were content with the most common food. The French, on the contrary, demanded delicacies even in a land half starved by famine. The officers and men would have what was nice and good, and they devoured all the cocks and hens and chickens in the country. The woman at the inn at Stockeran, a poor miserable town, told me she did not receive a kreutzer during seven weeks; many thousand troops passed through, and sometimes 100 and 150 men were quartered in their house at one time; officers and men all eat alike, generals and guides, colonels and corporals, seized what they could get. At Znaym the postmaster assured me with a solemn face that Bonaparte never paid anything for the horses he took to carry him to Brünn, and did not even pay the trinkgeld or schmeergeld! Like a cobbler who does not get beyond his last, he thought this a mighty crime; if anything had been paid, they would have grumbled because not enough. What

a pity Homer does not mention how much Achilles gave the drivers who drove him in triumph round the walls of Troy! The peasants and people are violent against the French. Those who suffered by the war are content to have peace on any terms—they make the majority; the few are for beating them still. The whole country has suffered greatly; provisions are dear and scarce, though not dearer than before the war; at Iglau the inhabitants are made beggars by the requisitions, and by having to maintain so many soldiers. They apprehend a scarcity in the spring, as an Irishman told me who has long been an officer in the Austrian service, and now is settled in some civil employment at Iglau; the enemy advanced no farther than this place in Bohemia.

The prospect for next year's crop of grain cannot yet be ascertained; the corn-fields already sown have suffered nothing by the war. The whole country is covered with snow, and the people ride upon sledges made by placing a wicker basket or carriage upon two pieces of wood turned up at one end like the moving part of a rocking-horse.

The language spoken in Bohemia is quite different from that of Austria; it is very musical and harmonious to the ear. This is extraordinary, because it is quite opposite to the Italian, which abounds in vowels, while most words in Bohemian have scarcely any vowels or open letters at all; perhaps the accent and pronunciation gives the musical tone, for musical and pleasant it certainly seems to my ear. The Czech language.

I arrived at Prague on Friday evening after one of the most fatiguing journeys possible. Four days and three nights on the road, a journey usually made in three or four days. The next morning I called upon the bankers, Messrs. Ballabine and Co., who were civil enough to give me 20*l.* on a draft upon Messrs. Stott and Auger at Leipsic; I wrote a letter to Mr. Auger, and explaining the circumstance, by the unfortunate accident of my carriage breaking down, and by being obliged to take more horses than usual, sometimes four, and never less than three, and by being detained longer on the road, my cash was quite exhausted. I sold a ducat for seven florins and a double *louis d'or* for Prague.

24 florins, which just enabled me to pay my way to Prague. I was literally reduced to my last guinea.

A travelling companion.

My *compagnon de voyage* is a young man, a player, who offered his services in exchange for my carrying him to Berlin; he applied in consequence of an advertisement which I inserted in the Vienna *Zeitung*. I liked his countenance and his manner, and the way in which he told me his story of being unfortunate, without any friends, and without the means of earning a livelihood here, induced me to take him; he particularised himself by asking whether I had seen the opera called the 'Judgment of Solomon,' in which he performed the part of the Prince. I was amused with the idea of having a prince in disguise; he proved a civil, obliging fellow, giddy and thoughtless, had had a good education, and could sing, and dance, and play on several instruments; and to these royal accomplishments he added that of princely poverty. Though not proud of pedigree like any German prince, he was poor of purse; he was going to seek a better situation, and to see the world.

Prague is a large well-built town, remarkable for its situation on the Moldau, a noble river running through it, over which is a fine bridge 742 feet long; this river divides the town into two parts, the Old and the New. Although there are great houses and fine-looking buildings, the town itself gives a melancholy impression to the stranger. Poverty and emptiness are seen everywhere, and it reminds one of ancient splendour and long-lost magnificence. The city of Prague.

The palace is situated well on an eminence, but uninhabited, and beggars in the streets and mean-looking people wandering about indicate want and misery. Provisions are very dear, dearer than at Vienna, and money very scarce. Some manufactories existed, and do now some business, but the frequent wars and the want of capital and speculative industry make them go heavily and slowly on. It is visibly a good-for-nothing government; everything is at a stand; the human intellect not allowed to be cultivated and improved. There are vast numbers of Jews, who live here in a part of the town peculiar to themselves; the reason

of this, I suppose, is because these remarkable children of Israel are so nasty and dirty in their persons and houses, that they could not be allowed to live among Christians, or the Christians among them, first from religious motives, and secondly from motives of comfort and self-preservation. In Frankfort they inhabit a particular part of the town, and at Geneva I think no Jew was allowed to reside within the walls, i.e. before Calvinism gave way to French authority.

Called upon Countess Kinsky and Miss Boissier, and talked an hour with the latter. The Countess Kinsky was ill, and they had no house and establishment, so I did not think of staying more than a few hours. An epidemical typhus fever rages in the town, and the physician assured them more than a hundred persons died in one day. The treatment from all accounts is worse than the disease itself. It is said the funerals are very splendid at Prague, but as I had no curiosity to wait for the death of a countess or princess, to see a pompous burial, I determined to set off in the afternoon. A Benedictine monk came to me at the inn in the morning to ask

charity for the hospital, under the direction of the holy brothers. I gave him a few florins and half promised to come and look at their sick, but after I heard so much about contagious diseases I conceived such a visit superfluous on my part, as it was unlikely any advice of mine would be followed, or would be of any use. I observed thus much in a similar hospital at Vienna when I attended a servant ill with a fever, which cheated death and the doctors, though they did everything they well could devise to kill him. Some apples I carried him at every visit did him more good than all their tisanes and watery washes.

Journey to Dresden.

We passed by Schlau, Budin, and Töplitz, the latter a decent small town frequented in the summer by strangers for its baths. In the next post we passed over a mountain on which the snow was so deep, that it obliged us to take six horses half the way. On coming into Saxony it appeared like going into another climate: no snow to be seen, the country quite green, and the weather unusually mild. Indeed the weather has been favourable since I left Vienna. The change of climate

Good government of Saxony.

was not more striking than that of the face of the country, of the manners of the people, of the goodness of the roads, and of the comfort and condition of the inhabitants. Everything indicated a difference of government, and a superior system of political and moral regulations. Nothing can be worse than the whole tottering fabric of Austrian tyranny; the military conscription still continues in force, and the people are compelled to furnish men and money to be plundered and ruined by the invasion of their enemies, or their allies.

I arrived at Dresden (Golden Angel), Monday, February 10.

Tuesday, February 11.—A rainy day; called on Captain Long and Dr. Gerchen; dined at the *table d'hôte* with between twenty and thirty persons, an Englishman among the rest, who sat near me. It was diverting to hear the lies asserted as truth respecting the conduct of the French at Vienna.

Death of Mr. Pitt.

I read an account of Mr. Pitt's death in the Hamburg paper, and felt very much affected by the unexpected loss of such splendid talents at a time when my country demands every aid that intellectual power

can give; though I approve not the politics, I venerate the man.

Went to the theatre in the evening to see 'Edward in Scotland,' a drama translated from the French by Kotzebue; the story is exceedingly interesting, and in good hands capable of producing a powerful impression. The situations are highly touching; all the feelings and sympathy are called forth by the unfortunate hero, the defeated Stuart; the interview between the Duke of Argyle, Lady Athol, and the King in disguise is well contrived. But the piece was badly performed; the actors spoke very quick and very imperfectly, and the king was miserably represented by a wide-mouthed fellow who had no conception of the part. I have often observed the German actors never affect the audience by their powers of expression. They utter the most pathetic passages in such an elevated tone, such a screaming strain, that to an English ear is quite disgusting. The frequent repetition of oaths and appeals to God are very unpleasant; the language seems too harsh for tender expressions of delicate sentiment. This is particularly apparent in

Theatre at Dresden: German acting.

'Othello,' in 'Fridolin,' in 'Edward,' &c. The audience are affected by the incidents, by the situation, or by the abstract beauty of the sentiment, without any notion of the enunciation. I am disposed to think the same thing may be said of the French tragedy. On the English stage only are all the ingredients of taste considered, i.e. as far as relates to tragedy.

Elector of Saxony.

The theatre is small, the decorations good. The elector and his family and brothers were all present, and each of them bowed several times on entering, when the audience all stood up. The politeness and good order at the theatre was strikingly different from that of Vienna. It was easy to see the manners were more simple and pure, and the people better and wiser; decent well-dressed women were knitting in the pit, and the company in the boxes were genteelly dressed. At Vienna the boxes are filled by persons *en negligée*. The dresses of the ladies were very becoming; most of them wore light hats or caps, put on one side, and with ruffs round their necks, as in the days of Queen Mary.

Wednesday, February 12.—Captain Long

(an honest Irishman, an officer in the Saxon service, being unable to serve in his own country, because he is a Catholic), introduced me to the *Resource* as it is called. This Resource consists of a suite of rooms appropriated for reading the newspapers and magazines, for playing cards, &c., and a tavern is also in the same house for dining and supping. The 'Resource' at Dresden.

This place is much frequented; it is upon a very liberal plan, and the number of members make the annual subscription very cheap. Strangers are admitted for a fortnight and then are balloted for, and have all the privileges of members. One effect of such a public place of resort is, that the inhabitants make it the place of entertainment for strangers and friends, and instead of giving a dinner or a party at his own house, a subscriber thinks he fulfils all the good offices of a recommendation by introducing you to the 'Resource.' And in truth it is better than nothing; but the hospitality is very confined. Perhaps this is owing to the absurd manner in which many young wild Englishmen conduct themselves here.

Thursday, February 13. — Called upon Mr. Fyfe and walked about with him; he introduced me to Baron ——, the Russian minister, who said the Emperor of Germany was *une grande bête* for giving the battle at Austerlitz, and for then making peace, as Prussia was ready and determined to strike a grand blow on the 15th; all the combined armies were ready.

English in Dresden.

Introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, a Kentish clergyman, and his wife; he is come abroad for her health; has been here a few months; a well-informed liberal-minded man, once chaplain to the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He invited me to drink tea and spend the evening with him, which I did with Mr. Fyfe and Lord Clanwilliam.

The Dresden Gallery.

Friday, February 14.—Went to the picture gallery, a most superb collection of fine paintings; few landscapes, some large pictures of Correggio's wonderfully fine: *ante omnes*, 'The Night,' representing the birth of Christ, and the light and glory of heaven shining upon the child; 'The Madonna,' by Raphael, also said to be original. I have seen several of which the same thing

has been said. The old gentleman who showed me the pictures said he had been so employed for fifty-six years. Boxes were made to pack up the pictures, in case the French approached.

The Prussian army marched through this place to-day, and different divisions will continue to march through every day till March 1, on their return home from the frontiers of Austria and Bohemia. Doubts are entertained of the sincerity of all these preparations.

A ball at Dresden.

In the evening I went to the Casino, a subscription ball, to which strangers are invited by a card from the directors. About six hundred people were present, the *noblesse* and best company of the place; the whole well conducted. The dancing very good; divided into Anglaise, Polonaise, and Allemande. Many genteel people present; the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was among them, a fat, punch-looking fellow; many English and Russians were there. This assembly begins at half-past five o'clock and ends at half-past nine; tea and refreshments are served gratis; the room is small but neat, and card-room ad-

joining very pretty. Vast numbers of officers, Saxon and Prussian. I could not forbear contrasting their appearance with the French soldiers. There is the same difference as between the costly and cumbrous magnificence of old furniture and the plain simplicity of modern fashions. The powdered head and long *queue* opposed to the short crop, and the prim precision of these men contrasted with the *air dégagé* and excessive quickness and fierceness of the French, besides the difference of age. Few old men among the French; many here.

A Saxon doctor.

Saturday, February 15.—Met Professor Reil in the streets dressed in regimentals, with an immense cocked hat and great sword buckled round his waist—a dress sufficiently odd for a university professor, but still more so for a physician who was called in consultation. He had been sent for to Prague, where (as I heard on my passage through that city) an epidemic fever rages with destructive violence; between fifty and sixty persons died in the hospital in twenty-four hours. The treatment is very irregular and very bad. . He said he saw one patient, a

woman, with all the characteristic symptoms of the yellow fever, the fever of the West Indies and America—the yellow colour of the skin, the pain and tenderness of the abdomen, and the vomiting of black matter; this fever was not contagious. I suspect the doctor's love of system and novelty has led him astray, and that the case is merely an instance of icteris, or affection of the biliary organs combined with fever, which is not a very uncommon circumstance.

Italian opera in Dresden.

Went to the Italian opera in the evening; sat in the Countess of S——'s box. It was a comic opera, the music by Cimarosa; very good and well performed. The orchestra particularly good. This is the only amusement in which the Elector is at any expense, and he has taken pains to have a band of first-rate performers and some good Italian singers. The opera is in the same theatre as the German plays, only twice in the week. The price of entrance the same: sixteen groschens for the boxes, and pit, first rank; eight groschens for the second rank.

Catholic church in Dresden.

Sunday morning.—Went to the Catholic church, a very elegant and chaste building

erected by Augustus II. The music is particularly celebrated; the band very numerous, and a grand oratorio is performed every Sunday. Few musical festivals are equal to this weekly performance. Some Italian singers (Castrati) always sing there, and the whole orchestra is supported by one of the finest and most esteemed organs in Europe. The Elector and all his family were at church; they are Catholics, but the majority of his subjects are Protestants. He is himself a good musician, and in music alone he indulges himself in anything like royal pleasure. His choir and orchestra are perhaps the finest in the world.

The Elector is a dark-looking man of a most cold, soporific countenance; he is said to be a good man, and all the family are much esteemed; great etiquette is kept up, and everything savours of stiff and prim formality.

Monday evening.—Went to the theatre; saw a trifling piece in one act from the French, called the 'Lost Child,' and the 'Organs of the Brain,' the latter very well performed. The Elector's family all present, and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar with them.

Tuesday, February 18.—Saw the collection of precious things called the Grüne Gewölbe, or the treasury. Such a display of gold and silver and precious stones is nowhere to be seen. The rooms are so profusely adorned with diamonds and gold, that I thought myself really in a castle of fairies. Some of the great gold dishes are lent the emperor when he is crowned at Frankfort. There are buttons with diamonds and brilliants for several complete suits of clothes; an agate of extraordinary size, a yellow diamond (or rather greenish) of inestimable value. The greatest part of the riches are displayed in absurd toys and silly trinkets; for instance, the representation of the Turkish Grand Vizier with different figures, two hundred in number, buying presents; golden elephants, silver dogs, golden men covered with diamonds and precious stones; besides various little figures of cobblers and tradesmen, the bodies and backsides of whom are made of enormous pearls. There were three brothers, artists in this line, who were constantly employed by Augustus II. at Dresden. I could but lament such a waste of time and

The Grüne Gewölbe.

labour, aud regret the misapplication of such materials. The scarcity of specie and the dearness of provisions have put an end to such nonsensical collections; the diamonds and precious stones are above all praise and all value.

Journey to Berlin.

Wednesday, February 19.—Left Dresden and set out for Berlin, eleven posts. The Golden Angel Inn is a very good one. The landlord has been in England, and the beds and tea are served in the English style; the internal management of the house is excellent, and not very dear. At Grossenhayn, the first station from Dresden, a small

A fair.

town, there was a fair, and much the same noise and nonsense as take place at country wakes in England. Among the sights the harsh sound of a trumpet and a bawling man's voice attracted my attention to a room where a woman and child from Lapland were to be seen. This poor miserable object was only four feet high, clothed in the skin of the reindeer, and dressed to resist the cold of a northern climate; she was little, ugly and old; the child about six months old, a nice-looking infant, not the offspring of such a

mother, I would answer. The man, the husband, as the keeper of these human animals assured me, died near Hamburg; the climate did not agree with him. The showman was an Italian who had been twice in Lapland; the style and manner of exhibition was very entertaining. I observed a map was hung up in the room to point out the abode of these poor creatures.

State of Prussia.

The roads very bad, and the inns worse if possible; sometimes five hours to go one station of two or three German miles through woods of firs and over wide wastes of sandy soil, badly cultivated and capable of affording nourishment to nothing but a few rabbits perhaps, of which there are none scarcely, and which the people do not eat. Scarcely a human creature to be seen on the road except in the villages, and even there very few half-starved old women and children; all the men gone for soldiers. Such was the scarcity of objects, that I believe if every object was only counted one that I saw in my way from Dresden to Berlin, the game of forty-five would not be up!

Berlin.

The approach to Berlin resembles more

the entrance to an Indian wigwam than anything else; the roads are quite neglected, and are filled with black mud; but on entering the town the eye is struck with the beauty and magnificence of the buildings, and the general splendid appearance of the houses. The streets are wide and spacious; all the public buildings stand alone, and are seen to great advantage; the *coup d'œil* is one of the finest that can be conceived. But few people are seen in the streets, comparatively, and the approach to the town has none of the busy movement or air of a capital.

Saturday, February 22.—Called on Mr. Jackson, the English ambassador; he was very civil, invited me to dinner to meet Lord Harrington and the rest of the English here, but I was engaged to dine with Mr. Mansfield (son of Sir James Mansfield) at our inn (Ville de Rome). I am indebted to my friend Mr. Acklom for this acquaintance. Mr. Mansfield[1] is a well-informed man, and

[1] Mr. Mansfield was afterwards employed in the diplomatic service in the United States, and married a lady of Baltimore, afterwards well known in the best London society. They were the parents of the late Lord Sandhurst, and of a family alike distinguished for the talent of their sons and

has been travelling a year and a half for his improvement; he was at the gates of Vienna when the French were there with Hon. Mr. Kinnaird, but they were afraid of attempting to enter the town, much to their disappointment. After dinner one of the royal family, son of Prince Ferdinand, called upon Mr. Mansfield, a very polite man, who very civilly enquired whether I intended to be presented at court, which was as much as to invite me to his house, where a *société* is held every evening, and where one meets the best company in town. I rather declined this royal visiting: the princes and noblemen are like other insipid gentlefolks, with more etiquette and formality.

Went to the theatre in the evening; a sort of musical, dramatic, fairy opera; the decorations very splendid, the change of scenery well managed, but the music and the story and the performance execrable. The

Theatre at Berlin.

the beauty of their daughters. I rejoice to add that the acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, begun by my father at Berlin in 1806, has ripened in the second generation into the closest friendship between myself and several members of this amiable family. The last time I ever saw Lord Sandhurst, we were talking of the singularity of this incident, which I had recently discovered on reading over this manuscript.

theatre is very handsome, well lighted, and smart. The king and queen and several of the royal brothers, and their wives and children, were present. The queen is a beautiful woman, fresh and fair, although she has had eight children.[1] The Prince of Orange and his family were there; the boys in Prussian uniform. The eldest son of the king is a smart, shrewd-looking lad of about nine or ten years old.[2] No noise or ceremony is made on their entrance. The royal family are present almost every evening as private persons. It may be questioned how far such an ordinary display of a monarch is to be reconciled with keeping up the reve-

Queen Louise of Prussia.

[1] The reigning King of Prussia was Frederick William III. (born in 1770), and his queen was that celebrated, beautiful, and unfortunate Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (born in 1776) around whose head the clouds and darkness of unmerited misfortune were already gathering. Jena was fought before the end of the same year, and these sovereigns were driven fugitive from their capital, and despoiled of a large part of their dominions. So bitterly did Prussia expiate the tergiversation and neglect which led her to abandon her allies, and to accept the perfidious amity of Napoleon, at the price of the acquisition of Hanover, which had at this moment just been consummated.

[2] This Prince lived to be afterwards King Frederick William IV., who died in 1861. He was in his eleventh year in 1806.

rence and respect of the people. Too great familiarity lessens the notion of deference and regard among the many; besides, it is wrong to see the head of a nation patronising and sanctioning such dull nonsense as these exhibitions, only fit for the children and gallery at Astley's or the circus.

A German professor.

Sunday, February 23.—Called upon Professor Wildenow; found him smoking and writing in his library in his morning-gown, with the fumes of bed and tobacco playing round his chamber. He appears a middle-aged man, fit for the *heavy horse*—not much activity in his air or manner; he talks of making a visit to England, and has begun to learn the language; he promised to take me to the National History Society on Tuesday.

Visit to Klaproth.

Next I delivered my letter of recommendation from Professor Jacquin to Klaproth; he is an elderly man, of a quick strong mind and active countenance. He spoke French with difficulty; so we made a compromise, he speaking in German and I in French, and thus we talked for an hour. He told me he was occupied a great deal with his lectures, but still devoted what time

he could spare from his more pressing engagements to chemical analysis. He did not believe in the accuracy of Pacchioni's experiments with regard to the composition of the muriatic acid; similar experiments had been made at Berlin two or three years ago, and it was found that the same results took place whenever any organised substance was used in the experiment; and when the process was repeated without any animal substance whatever coming in contact with the galvanic pile, no such results were found. Both Pacchioni and Peele are deceived by some source of error. Still the fact is curious, though the problem be not explained. Klaproth's son is gone with the Russian Embassy to China, but in a letter received from him lately he tells his father the Emperor of China would not permit any of the literary and scientific men to enter the country beyond the frontiers. The ambassador is allowed to go to Pekin, but all the learned body are left behind, to their great disappointment and mortification. Klaproth showed me a large portion of a species of arundo, in which a white powder is deposited from

water, and found upon analysis to be siliceous earth, mixed with a quantity of kali, analysed by Vanquelin. Humboldt gave this to Klaproth, and he intends to analyse it again. This substance is in considerable quantity.

A Berlin physician.

I was highly pleased at this interview; it was easy to see Klaproth is a man of considerable information and great diffidence. What a contrast to the next man I visited! Walter—a great fat-gutted fellow, who began talking English very badly and without asking one to sit down; recounted how many diplomas he had lately received and how many societies he belonged to; then he talked about his museum and himself and his son, and gave me a ticket to go to the museum, which any one may have for eight groschen. Walter is one of those conceited fellows without genius and with great powers of application, who think anatomy the first of studies and a dissector and maker of preparations the very highest class of scientific men; he resembles L—— in his pompous puffy manner!

I also called and delivered my letter from

The botanists of Berlin.

Dr. Smith[1] to Baroness Itzenplitz. I found her and her husband very friendly good people, living in a handsome house, the ornaments of which immediately indicated elegant and refined taste. Madame is not pretty nor young, but has a sharp sensible countenance, something droll in her look and manner, rather blue-stocking; the baron is a fat, chubby, open-hearted fellow, who is fond of scientific pursuits and cultivates botany, agriculture, &c., for the sake of his wife and his children. They both speak English a little, though it is thirteen years since they left it; their family consists of two boys and two girls. I could not help complimenting the mother on the fine collection of these plants of the highest order which she could display. They are acquainted with all the best society, and appear to be much respected. The baroness has written a short

[1] Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Smith, of Norwich, highly distinguished as a botanist, the founder and the first President of the Linnean Society, and one of the most intimate friends of Dr. Reeve. His accomplished widow, Lady Smith, is still alive at the time at which I am writing, though born on May 11, 1773; she is therefore in her 104th year, in full possession of her faculties, and sharing the enjoyments of those around her.

memoir on the blight of wheat, consisting chiefly of some observations made by Professor Wildenow corroborating the remarks of Sir Joseph Banks. This memoir is written in English, and addressed to the learned president.

A disease in wheat.

It has been observed that the blight which attacks the corn in Prussia is of several kinds. Professor Wildenow distinguishes three sorts; these were seen in the neighbourhood of Potsdam last year. The mushroom fungi, or parasitic plants, the cause of this disease, are nourished and favoured by barberry and rose bushes growing in hedges; and since such bushes have been extirpated by design, the malady is less frequent. To destroy the propagation of these parasitic plants entirely, this preventive method is not sufficient, because some annual grasses equally afford nourishment to plants of this species. The baron read me this essay, which was on the whole well written; only a few Germanisms, and the facts were curious and interesting. He took me with him in his carriage to his private box at the theatre; the piece was called 'Taronda, the Chinese Princess,' trans-

lated from the Italian, quite a peculiar sort of entertainment, entitled a tragico-comic opera. The decorations, after the Chinese costume, were remarkably splendid and well done, but the eye was more studied than the ear or common sense; and as one source of pleasure, the harmony and beauty of the language and poetry, was in some measure lost to me, I could not help thinking it somewhat dull and stupid. All the royal family were present. The Italian opera is not open this winter on account of the political circumstances of the times. This is a free entertainment given by the king; he devotes that sum of money to the maintenance of the poor at present.

Anatomical museum at Berlin.

Monday, February 24.—This forenoon I went to look at the celebrated anatomical museum, collected by the fifty years' labour of Walter, and lately purchased by the king, for the use of the Pépinière or military school. It is open to the public every Monday and Friday. I consider this a useless and improper privilege. On my entering the rooms I was surprised and shocked to find many persons who came there from mere

motives of idle curiosity; the greatest part of the company were women, who were gazing and giggling at everything improper to be looked at by such sort of people, and with such sort of feelings. I remonstrated with Klaproth and other professors on the indecency, not to say sensuality, of such a licence. This collection is numerous, and contains many curious and valuable preparations; it is arranged in different rooms, and all the glasses are placed upon tables, so that the preparations may be conveniently viewed on all sides. Each one is numbered, and the description is given in the catalogue; the whole number amounts to 3,092. The catalogue gives a tolerably just idea of the inflated quackish style of the author: from his preface you may know him.

Literary club in Berlin.

In the evening went with Baron Itzenplitz to a literary club, which assembles every Monday evening at eight o'clock, to talk, and eat a frugal supper. About twenty members were present, among whom were most of the distinguished characters of Berlin—Klaproth, Fichte, Karsten, Nicolai, &c. No essays are read here, but the literary news is talked

over, and it serves as a medium of keeping up the friendly and social terms among the *savans.*

Mr. Frere.

Tuesday, February 25.—Introduced by Mr. Mansfield to Mr. Frere, the secretary of legation, a very clever young man, who was in Spain; an hour soon passed away in conversation, and he lent me two numbers of the 'Edinburgh Review,' no small feast after so long a fasting.[1]

Party of *savans.*

I dined at Baron Itzenplitz's, and met a large party of *savans*; was introduced to Hufeland, Zoeriche (surgeon-general), Formey, Buch, and many others whose names I do not remember. I sat next to Hufeland, and we had a deal of conversation; he is a perfect quiz in his appearance, but has great good sense and considerable information. The conversation at table was desultory and miscellaneous, but of a good sort, and I was pleased with the party.

In the evening I went with Professor

[1] Dr. Reeve was one of the original contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and his intimacy with Francis Horner and the other writers in that journal, as well as his Whig politics, gave him a peculiar interest in its success.

Wildenow to a meeting of a Natural History Society at a private house, where I met some intelligent men. A gentleman related to me an account of a Swedish naturalist who was scraping a bit of copal by accident, and scraped away till a fly which was included in the middle was exposed to the air, when it began to give signs of animation and continued alive three days; it must have been enclosed in this copal for many years.

A fly copal.

Wednesday, February 26.—Dined at Mr. Jackson's (the English ambassador's), with a party of the diplomatic body, and some other foreigners. Marquis Luchesini with his son, and the Russian ambassador, just arrived from Paris on some extraordinary mission, were there—quite French in their manners. The marquis talked a great deal, and related many anecdotes about Bonaparte and his *sociétés à Paris.* He is an elderly man, very quick and lively in his manner, and speaking out with true French flourish. The Hanoverian Minister was present also, and a Dutch nobleman who had been imprisoned five years in the last war in Holland, on account of his attachment to the Stadtholder's

Marquis Luchesini.

party. In the evening several people came
Madame Souza. to pay their visits—Madame de Souza, wife of the Portuguese ambassador, a celebrated lady, once the mistress and favourite of Talleyrand, and author of several novels, 'Charles and Marie,' 'Adèle de Senanges,' &c. She is a pretty woman still; fine sensible face, good complexion, and very agreeable manners. Mrs. Jackson lives in a handsome house, elegantly furnished; the dinner was very handsome, and set out with a service of plate. Mr. Frere and Mr. Jackson, junior (the brother), were the only English present besides myself. The ambassador was disposed to be remarkably civil, and showed me every mark of attention.

Mrs. Jackson has been admired in her time; she was never handsome, but pretty and gay; several English noblemen had paid court to her. She is now not handsome, nor seen to advantage, being thin and just ready to lie in. She appears older than her husband; a gentleman told me he behaved *en très honnête homme* in marrying her; she is a native of Berlin, speaks English very well, French and German better of course.

Thursday, February 27.—Called upon Humboldt, but he was not at home. Dined at the Casino with Baron Itzenplitz and Professor Theuer, the Arthur Young of Prussia, the editor of an agricultural journal, translator of English works relating to rural economy; also with Professor Sick, of the veterinary school, a name better suited for a doctor among beasts than men. Both these men are intelligent and sensible; we talked about farming and the diseases of cattle. Mr. Theuer told me that turnips were very little cultivated in Germany; potatoes are cultivated instead, and are found to be better managed and yield a more profitable crop. There are many different sorts, some of them red coloured; the lower orders of people eat them, and oxen, sheep, pigs, and even horses are fed with potatoes during the winter with great advantage; sometimes they are eaten raw, but still better when cooked by means of steam; they grow well in the light sandy soil in the neighbourhood of Berlin. Professor Sick had made experiments with inoculating the human subject and different animals with the virus taken

German husbandry.

Inoculation.

from the heels of the horse, but never succeeded in producing anything like the cow-pox pustule; he doubts much whether this disease arises from such a source as Jenner imagines, but De Carro has made some decisive experiments on this point. He has been successful in inoculating sheep with the sheep-pox, which prevents their being attacked with it in the natural way. He observes the inoculation follows the same progress, the same series of changes as inoculation in the human subject. The *rot* in sheep is attributed by both these gentlemen to moisture—to moist food; such a malady is rare in Germany.

Club at Berlin.

The Casino is a suite of rooms appropriated for reading the newspapers, journals, &c., and besides for dining, card-playing, and billiards. It is supported by annual subscription upon a liberal footing; strangers are allowed full privileges on being introduced by a member. Places of this sort are common in all German towns, and indeed all over the Continent; the men meet to spend their evenings *en société*, which means playing

at cards, chatting, or reading the swarm of periodical publications.

In the evening I went to the opera (the 'Tree of Diana') with my friend the baron; the music pretty, the decorations exceedingly beautiful; the scenery is better managed than I ever saw in any place. To-day, as I was walking in the street, I saw the king ride by after having been to look at a regiment or battalion marching into town, and I saw old General Möllendorff, a fine old fellow eighty-four, on horseback, attended by his aides-de-camp and staff; he looked much like the prints of Frederick the Great. It is quite childish and tiresome to see soldiers march home, and march out, and go through all the forms without any of the dangers, honour, or glory of a campaign. It seems the king and his general like extremely to play at soldiers, for in truth it is nothing else.

General Möllendorff.

Friday, February 28.—Went with Hufe-

[1] General Möllendorff was the last of the generals of Frederick the Great, and one of the few soldiers who had served in the Prussian army throughout the reign of that sovereign, having been born in 1721. He died very shortly after Dr. Reeve saw him, and I think did not live to witness the catastrophe of Jena.

Great hospital at Berlin.

land this morning to the hospital called 'La Maison de Charité,' in which are wards for internal and external diseases, for lying-in women, for lunatics, and for incurables—all attached to the same large building. In the whole, from 1,200 to 1,500 patients are maintained there, partly by funds arising from lands, and partly by an annual gift from the crown. Not much can be said in praise of the neatness and cleanliness of the wards, nor of the accommodation for the sick; the wards are long and low, too many beds in them, and the beds without any curtains. A clinical establishment is attached to this hospital, and the surgeons educated for the army are obliged to attend the practice at least for one year. The pupils are examined once or twice in the week publicly, and they are obliged to examine some new patient, and take him under his care; the professor or director giving his opinion and advice. I attended one of these examinations, and was satisfied with the utility of the method, and particularly pleased with Hufeland's sensible way of communicating practical truths.

I dined *en famille* at Baron Itzenplitz's,

and met two gentlemen there who talked politics; the conduct of their government, and the alliance with France appears to give great offence, and to call forth the ridicule and censure of all men of understanding. The snipping the German Empire in such a way is quite absurd, and seems only to be done to amuse one party, and gratify the restless spirit of innovation of the other. Among other things it was said that England had been too sparing of her money; if she had doubled the sum, she might have doubled the force of the coalition. I could not help answering that I thought she had already spent too much money in such chivalric plans; six millions would have been equally misspent upon such a cause at such a time, when every power thinks more about themselves and their own aggrandisement than anything else. The seizing the Spanish frigates was a severe measure for the subjects of Prussia, for the manufacturers and weavers of Silesia are not paid to this day for the goods which they sent to Spain; the Spanish merchants told them the English had taken all the money intended for their payment!

Prussian politics.

Deaf and dumb school.

Saturday, March 1.—Went with Mr. Frere and Mr. Mansfield to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb under the direction of Professor Escke. There are twenty-one pupils, the greater proportion boys, two or three girls only. The professor seems an intelligent man, and fully adequate to the business of instruction; there is always too great a fondness for exhibition at these places, and the effect of the performance is in some degree diminished by the suspicion of elaborate preparation. However, these children exhibited great proofs of being well taught: they could read, write, and even speak tolerably well; they repeated not only what the master said, but could understand and answered the questions put to them by others. It appears that the sense of sight is principally exercised and depended on. To show how completely deaf they are, the master employed an instrument invented at Paris, made of wood in the shape of a horse-shoe, and hollow; the two extremities are turned, and can be inserted into the external ears; the sound of the voice is prodigiously increased when any words are spoken into

this mouth-piece, yet none of these children could hear what was said in the slightest degree. Their sight was so quick that they could understand any short sentence dictated by any one of us strangers, and written in the air by the master at the opposite end of the room; and even one of the boys could write down what the master said, although he spoke with his hands covering his mouth. Their pronunciation was so articulate that he made them repeat each of our names. Some syllables are learnt by putting the finger or hand against the throat and tongue. One of the pupils is become an assistant-teacher. Some well-executed drawings done by different boys were shown, and some paintings done at the porcelain manufactory. In the dark they can communicate their thoughts to each other by writing on their backs or upon the palms of the hands. I enquired whether they could understand each other by putting the hands upon the lips of the person who speaks, but I was not quite satisfied with the answer of the master. The children appeared well taken care of, and were very gay. Those who were in the best health, who had the

strongest organs of speech, could articulate much more distinctly, and with greater ease than the weak and delicate, to which class the majority of children seem to me to belong, from what I have observed in such institutions. This establishment is in part supported by the king, and partly by the payment from the scholars. We were loaded with a quantity of books, the manufactured articles of Germany; no less than six different books were put into our hands, and we paid something more than two dollars for them, as a sort of gift to this useful and most charitable institution.

Academy of Surgery: Professor Zöriche.

In the afternoon Surgeon-general Zöriche called upon me, and took me to a weekly examination of the pupils at the Academy of Surgery, an institution planned and directed by himself, of which an account is given in 'Med. and Chir. Journal,' and the reality in detail is fully equal to any idea formed by the description. Monsieur Zöriche has been in the army for many years; he served under Frederick II.; he has travelled over most parts of Europe, speaks several languages, and has the finest open counte-

ance, the most engaging look that wins every stranger. He was remarkably civil in showing me his collection made in different wars; the number is not great, but many valuable pathological specimens among them. Wounds and fractures of the skull in great number; one skull in which four or five pieces of the cranium have been shivered quite or nearly off, and adhered again irregularly like portions of flesh attached by the adhesive inflammation.

The Pépinière.

The students in the Pépinière amount to ninety-one in number at present; some of them are with the army; they were assembled in a large handsome lecture-room attached to the surgeon-general's house, and a young man, Professor Bischof, examined them as they sat by asking questions respecting the anatomy and physiology of the organs of smell and hearing. They answered very well, and displayed a minute knowledge of the difficult and complicated anatomy of the ear. The professor has been lately appointed to this office of lecturing on physiology instead of Walter; he communicated a deal of information in the space of an hour, and in a

clear, perspicuous style. After this examination, one of the pupils delivered an account of the preparation of antimony, its chemical and pharmaceutical properties, detailed some of the principal processes, and mentioned its medical uses, and at the same time showed the specimen to the director, all of which he had before him. This materia-medica oration was delivered in Latin with ease and fluency by a good-looking youth. The other examinations were in German. After this some of the pupils translated and read some English book, to give a specimen of their progress, which was very respectable. They are taught most of the foreign languages. They were all dressed in a uniform—blue coat with white waistcoat, and breeches and boots, and hair powdered, and long narrow tails; most of them appeared very young. It is impossible to say too much in praise of the good order and good management of this institution; it does honour to the founder and to the government which patronises it. It is easy to see that it is conducted upon the principles of military discipline, a species of subordination to which the people, young and

old, in this country are early accustomed and easily reconciled to. How far such an establishment could be carried on after the same manner in Britain may be doubted; a modification might be adopted according to the manners and more independent spirit of the young candidates for military medical situations.

Sunday, March 2.—Dined at Mr. Jackson's *en famille*; met Mr. Taylor just come from Cassel, where he was ambassador; he was obliged to leave his residence because the elector requested him to go, and could promise no security for his not being seized by the French at any time.

Monday, March 3.—Spent the forenoon at Mr. Nicolai's, the bookseller's shop; made purchases of books for practical lectures; dined at the *table d'hôte à la ville de Paris*, kept by an old lady who has I know not how many quarterings; she presided at table, and good company meets there. The only recommendation is the dinner-hour—three o'clock instead of two, which is the usual hour of dining, and on a better dinner too. In the evening went to tea, cards, and supper at

Mr. Jackson's; sauntered about, and had some chat with Madame de Souza, who talks English, and appears well acquainted with our English novels.

Berlin porcelain.

Tuesday, March 4.—Very bad weather: cold, wet, windy and rainy; snow and ice—very variable. Went to the porcelain manufactory and looked at the pretty things in the exhibition rooms; the workmanship and the painting and colouring remarkably beautiful. All sorts of figures, and cups, and vases, are made, and a very high price asked for them. Forty-six dollars, upwards of seven pounds sterling, for one cup and stand, e.g., bought by my companion, with a very highly finished portrait of the queen upon it. Saw a service for the king's table, chiefly consisting of dessert plates and ornamental figures, which cost more than 1,500*l.* sterling.

'Adèle de Senanges.'

Read Madame de Souza's novel, 'Adèle de Senanges;' it is written in an easy elegant style, without pretension and without pedantry. There is no attempt to draw characters, only to delineate and describe the emotions and feelings of the heart. It is very much like 'Charles and Marie;' the same author's

style and thoughts are evident, so much so that I sometimes doubted whether I was not reading that again; the young English hero wears the very same suit, and is just the same capricious, odd being in love.

Went to a public concert in the music hall, a very elegant room in the same building as the theatre; it is an oval-shaped saloon, lofty and handsomely fitted up—well lighted by a brilliant glass lustre hung from the top, and consisting of many dozen Argand's lamps —double row of lamps. The performance was some music composed and played by Hümmel, the great musician and chapel-master here, and performer on the harpsichord; he played with taste and spirit, accompanied only by one violin, one tenor, one bass, and two sopranos. Some songs, and trios, and quartets were sung in good style; the words from a poem called 'Urania,' by Tiedge. Paid one dollar for going in; began at six and ended at eight o'clock.

Mr. Taylor ordered to leave Berlin.

Wednesday, March 5.—Dined at Mr. Jackson's *en famille*, where I met Mr. Taylor, who had received an intimation that he must not stay at Berlin; the king had sent

an order for his departure to his minister Hardenberg, but he would not forward it directly. Mr. Taylor left Berlin this evening.[1] Dr. Heim was to have dined there, but he was engaged.

An evening party at Hufeland's.

In the evening, went to a party at Hufeland's; by the invitation I expected to meet a company of *Gelehrte*, but great was my astonishment to find six rooms lighted and filled with company, an assemblage of rank, fashion, and learning; for besides men with stars, crosses, and orders, and their wives and daughters, there were philosophers, poets, professors, artists, and historians. The amusement consisted in sauntering about and chatting, playing at cards, and singing and playing music. Hümmel was there, and

Johann von Müller.

Müller the historian of Switzerland, a squat red-eyed punch-bellied disagreeable-looking

[1] This Mr. Taylor was, I surmise, afterwards Sir Brook Taylor, minister at the Court of Bavaria for many years. This incident shows how completely Prussia was already under the control of France. Hardenberg was opposed to the French alliance, which was beginning to show its fruits. The relations between Prussia and Great Britain had become extremely unfriendly in consequence of the occupation of Hanover, and the rupture, which broke out in the following month, was already apparent.

fellow, and his reputation is worse than his look.[1] I talked chiefly with Dr. Bischoff and Hufeland about Gall's system, and with a manufacturer from Silesia, who is very angry against England for seizing the Spanish frigates, which contained the money due from the Spanish merchants to him and his neighbours. Their goods are sent down the river to Hamburg, and are six weeks on their way; land carriage is shorter but more expensive. Ices and a supper were served up; I cooled myself with the one, and went away without the other. The king has sent Talleyrand the order of the Black Eagle and a star set with brilliants worth 17,000 dollars, near 3,000*l.*! The head of the figure opposite the palace was knocked off *the day Hanover was seized*!

Thursday, March 6.—Stayed at home all the morning waiting for Humboldt, who promised to call upon me; but he did not keep his word. Dined at Dr. Brown's with Mr. Mansfield. The doctor performed at a

[1] Johannes von Müller, certainly, in point of style, one of the first writers of a great age, had rendered himself odious to his German countrymen by his political apostasy and by the prostitution of his pen to French interests.

great rate; he was once in great practice, but his patients have left him, and he says he shall leave them. He is going to England this spring: he attends the queen and royal family. After dinner an old sly-boots came in pursuit of Mansfield to sell some figures in wax; this is Meckel from Basle, who is become a sort of toad-eater to the Princess Taxis, the queen's sister, who has the worst reputation in Germany—*c'est beaucoup dire*! Called on Baron Itzenplitz in the evening.

Berlin library.

Friday, March 7.—Went to the royal library; it is a large collection of books, but arranged in no sort of order. Many Chinese MSS. are in one room, and a MS. of Luther in his own handwriting; no classical MSS. A most splendid MS. of Froissart's 'Chronicles,' in two large 4to volumes, I saw there; it contains many things not in other copies. It is very well written with illuminated plates, and belongs to the library at Breslau. Mr. Müller, who happened to be there, told me it was the finest and most complete copy of Froissart extant. A gentleman is comparing Sauvage's edition with it. The differences are not great or important. Bought some

books at Mr. Nicolai's. At home in the evening, translating Bischoff on Gall's doctrine.

Saturday, March 8.—Called upon Professor Sick, who showed me the veterinary school. This establishment is upon a large and useful plan, situated in a garden, adjoining the town, with every accommodation necessary for teaching the veterinary art and farriery. Professor Sick was the promoter of this school; he has been there from its origin, fifteen years, and now, in consequence of disputes and a cabal with the director, the *grand maître d'écurie*, he is obliged to leave it. Lectures are given every day in the week, on the anatomy of the horse, pathology, and materia medica alternately. There is a good lecture-room, with rooms for dissecting, and a museum, which contains some valuable preparations, though Mr. Sick told me very small and inferior when compared with the veterinary school at Charenton, near Paris. He is now engaged in writing a description of this establishment, and of the principal morbid preparations in it. He promised to send me a copy of this work, and one for

The veterinary college.

Mr. Moorcroft in London, of whom he speaks highly from knowing him in France.

Went to the hospital (La Charité), and found Dr. Fritze visiting the patients, followed by about thirty or forty students, to whom he was giving what I suppose would be called a clinical lecture. It consisted, however, of a great deal being said by the bedside of several patients which had better have been omitted; it was rather to show himself as teacher than to instruct the pupils or benefit the patient. The doctor seems a well-informed, good-natured old gentleman, and loves to hear himself talk. The wards of the hospital are kept too hot; the beds are placed two adjoining close together, and an air of negligence and uncleanliness prevails throughout; it is inferior to Vienna in this respect.

A Berlin physician.

Dined at Mr. Jackson's and met Dr. Heim, who is considered the first practitioner at Berlin. He is a lively clever man, laughs at his patients when they ail little or nothing, and attends them very closely when they are seriously ill; he is a little man, unlike in his person but very like in his manner to Dr.

Rigby. The doctor and I were immediately acquainted, and we laughed very heartily together; the frankness of his manner pleased me much. He studied botany with the view of becoming botanical professor, for the practice of medicine did not offer many advantages some years ago at this place, as may be concluded by the singular fact of an English physician always being here and having the best and most practice. That notion, however, in favour of foreigners seems done away, and an English physician would probably be no more considered (unless his merit entitled him to superiority) than a high German doctor in England, who owes his fame to ease and impudence.

An amateur concert.

Mr. Jackson introduced me to a concert in the evening at the house of Mr. Schroëtter, the Prussian minister. The music consisted of a selection, of which Madame Knobloch sung and played considerable part; the orchestra was well filled, and a concerto on the violoncello and bassoon were extremely well played. As for the rest, not much can be said; Madame Knobloch, *la dame de la maison*, played well, but had not a good voice;

but she had a pretty face and person, and that made up for her want of song. It is hazardous for an amateur to perform at her own house. There was a numerous company present, consisting of the diplomatic body (almost all the ambassadors), nobility, and learned men. I was by Mr. Frere and the Portuguese ambassador the whole evening.

A sermon and an opera.

Sunday, March 9.—Dr. Keir, a fellow-student and acquaintance at Edinburgh, sent up his name and desired an audience, which I most readily granted; he was on his return to England from Russia. Went to hear a celebrated French preacher at one of the French churches, an old cold building like the one in Threadneedle Street; he preached extempore and with considerable ease. His discourse evinced great liberality and benevolence. In the evening went to the play and saw 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' an opera, the music by Grétry. The decorations were magnificent; a number of dragoon horses, so many as twelve or sixteen, parade on the stage at once, to the great entertainment of the audience. The music is pretty, and

prettiness is its only character; the song, 'O Richard! O mon roi!' was given with good effect, while Richard is confined in prison. The house was very full.

Wednesday, March 12.—Visited the porcelain manufactory; saw all the different work-rooms; the painting in various styles and in a highly finished manner constitutes the great superiority of this establishment. Four hundred persons are employed—no women or girls; several young men from the deaf-and-dumb school. The king is the proprietor of this fabric, and the whole is under the management of a director.

Interview with Humboldt.

Thursday, March 13.—Introduced to Humboldt at his own house; I went there with Mr. Frere by appointment. Humboldt is a plain-looking man about thirty years of age, quick and lively in his manner, without any pretensions. He talks very fast, and speaks four or five languages fluently; he talked English with me. He showed me many curious things, and told me many others. He showed me the engraving for the geological charts, and charts pointing out the height of different mountains, with all the

Charts.

different plants which grow in particular situations, their habitation marked out, the temperature noted down, with the latitude and astronomical admeasurements; the whole extremely curious and interesting, and very useful. In the mountains of Peru and Mexico there are no hybernating animals,[1] because the temperature of the air remains almost the same, winter and summer. The want of moisture seems to produce the same suspension of vital action in these hot countries, as cold in northern regions; for Humboldt assured me that in the season when there is no rain and the rivers and pools are dried up, the crocodiles and serpents are found buried in the mud, and the Indians walk over the crocodiles. As soon as the rain falls these animals are seen to move, and are revivified. Elephants' bones and cockle-shells have been found at a height more than 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. He said he had been

Hybernating crocodiles.

[1] Dr. Reeve had paid particular attention to the hybernation of animals. His Latin thesis for his M.D. degree at the University of Edinburgh was on this subject, and he afterwards published a small octavo volume upon it. During the winter at Vienna he had kept a hamster and two marmots, in order to observe the hybernation of these animals.

ill-used in some English newspapers, with respect to what he had asserted concerning some tribes who eat earth, but he assured me he is confident of the facts : he saw heaps of earth in the huts, and on enquiry the people told him they eat it during the rainy season, when they cannot go out of their huts. In his letter to Fourcroy he says these people eat *presque rien que la terre* for some weeks ; they find some small fish, or some root sometimes in a mass of this earth. It has been analysed by Vauguelin, and found to be a pure argillaceous earth. These people are very healthy : they drink water made quite white with this argill, and even some sand mixed in it ; he has seen the people often drink this. He is uncertain whether the earth acts merely as a substance to keep up the action of the stomach by trituration, or whether it is assimilated and combined with the animal fluids. It is a known fact that wolves eat earth, even in this country. He found the plants under the earth hid from the light and oxygen of a white colour ; the colour of plants he attributes to the decomposition of oxygen and hydrogen.

Earth eaters.

Peruvian bark.

There are many species of *Cinchona* hitherto unknown; on the botanical chart, the region of cinchona is marked out, and it is very considerable. He brought home specimens of a new species which he calls *Cinchona condominea* from Loxa; it is comparatively rare: only a small part is sent every year to the King of Spain.[1] He gave me some specimens of it, and told me that it was a mistake to prefer the bark of the small branches: the other parts are more esteemed in that country, and are the best. All these things will be described in his different works. The next part, treating of comparative anatomy and

Crocodiles.

zoology, is nearly ready. His account of the crocodile's tongue is curious. There are four different species of crocodiles, and these are different from the crocodiles of the Ganges: only one small species which walks on the ground and sometimes attacks men; the rest are only dangerous when in the water. Although he used to see vast numbers of these reptiles, he found it difficult to get any to

[1] I find among these papers a small packet of this identical cinchona, labelled by Dr. Reeve as 'given him by Humboldt' just seventy years ago.

examine; he was obliged to pay as much as one guinea or two guineas to induce the Indians to procure these animals for him. Some of his drawings of cascades and volcanoes are very curious. Others too, with figures like the Egyptian mummies. He said that hieroglyphical figures are employed to this day in Spain, in law-books and account-books. Mr. Frere saw an indictment for an assault at Madrid with the cause of the plaintiff drawn in a picture. Humboldt's library is small; some books evidently marked by the journey. He is a man of most extraordinary talents and diversified powers of mind; he is acknowledged to be an excellent mineralogist, a chemist, a naturalist, &c., by all who are masters of these different subjects; and he combines an intimate knowledge of languages and manners, and literature in general. He is a native of Berlin, and was educated there. He undertook this journey at his own expense, without assistance and without encouragement; it cost him 10,000*l.*

Sunday, March 16.—Went to a benefit concert given by Mr. Romberg, a celebrated player on the violoncello; he is considered Romberg.

the first performer in Europe, and if I had never heard Linley perhaps I might have believed the common report. He certainly plays extremely well, with great powers of execution and great taste. The concertos he played were his own composition, and beside the merit of originality they had the very rare recommendation of a concerto, that of being *short*. Tombolini, a castrato, one of the opera singers, sung a scene and rondo by Cimaroso; this fellow has a sweet voice and sung well, but he is a poor sickly-looking animal, and it was necessary to shut one's eyes to be delighted with the sounds striking on the ears. A lad of fourteen, Herr Meyerbeer,[1] played a concerto from Mozart on the pianoforte, with great applause. The king, queen, and most of the princes and branches of the royal family, were present, the nobility, and diplomatic body.

Young Meyerbeer.

To-day the weather was remarkably fine, quite like summer; vast numbers of people walking under the trees opposite our inn,

[1] One of the early appearances of the illustrious composer of 'Robert le Diable' and the 'Huguenots.' It is curious, that in this journey Dr. Reeve should have seen and heard Haydn, Beethoven, Romberg, Hümmel, and Meyerbeer.

dressed in all shapes and colours. There is a park fully planted with trees adjoining the town, close to the gate leading to Brandenburg, and here walks are cut in every direction; many persons walk there in fine weather. It is the Kensington Gardens of Berlin. Many carriages stand ready to carry people to Charlottenburg and other tea-drinking places, for the Germans must go in pursuit of some amusement or other.

An English friend.

Monday morning, March 17.—Whilst I was dressing this morning who should make his appearance but my young friend David Martineau? He had been in town more than twenty-four hours, and could not find me out, and, stupidly enough, never recollected the address I sent him till this morning. He was accompanied by a young Kaufmann from Magdeburg, and therefore had lost no time, for they had been seeing sights yesterday. David is grown fat, looks well, and is very happy; he speaks German very well; our meeting was without emotion, quite cool, friendly, hearty, and English. I was glad to see him after waiting so long, and sending so often after him.

Dined at Mr. Jackson's; met a prim party. In the evening called and talked an hour with Professor Bischoff.

Tuesday, March 18.—Dined with Baron Itzenplitz, and met several Gelehrte; the baron himself is *teres atque rotundus*, not much troubled by scientific knowledge, but curious and well informed, and his wife and he together like literary society, and give good dinners to encourage it.

Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans.'

Went to the play in the evening to see the 'Jungfrau von Orleans,' one of Schiller's best pieces; the acting was ill-done, but the decorations and the scenery magnificent beyond anything I ever saw at a theatre. The coronation of the French king at Rheims was a *chef d'œuvre* of theatrical representation.

Humboldt at the Royal Academy.

Thursday, March 20.—I was present at a meeting of the Royal Academy to hear Humboldt read a paper on meteorology, the result of some observations made at great heights on the influence of caloric, &c., during his travels with Bonpland. It was a long and elaborate essay; but unfortunately I did not understand much of it, being in the

German language, and read very quick. About twenty members assembled in a large room, in which were the busts of Frederick the Great, the late king, and Voltaire. The members were seated before a long table in the horse-shoe shape, each with paper, pen, and ink before him. Literary characters are droll-looking figures everywhere, but this collection outdid any eccentric assemblage I ever saw. Klaproth, Müller, Walter senior and junior, Hufeland, Hermstadt, Spalding, Wildenow, &c., were present. Some drawings were exhibited of the Peak of Teneriffe, Chimborazo, and other mountains. The room for the meetings of the academy and for the musical academy are over a considerable range of stables, and it is not to be denied that there is a strong smell of ammonia.

'The Club.'

At six o'clock Baron Itzenplitz called, and took me in his carriage to the Thursday evening's club, which meets at the members' houses in rotation; they meet at six o'clock, drink tea, and sup and smoke in a separate room. No cards are allowed: hence the tone is different from the ordinary meetings of mixed company. The society is miscellaneous,

consisting of all the learned men and all the rich men and noblemen who have any taste for science or *belles lettres.* I was quite satisfied with the hours passed among them. I did not stay supper.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the trumpets sounded an alarm, the drums beat, and a cry of fire was heard, but before Mansfield and myself could pull on our boots the fire was extinguished, and we walked out in vain.

Mario-nettes.

Friday, March 21.—Went this evening with Martineau to a play and ballet performed by marionettes ; the figures were as large as life, and were disgusting by their awkward dress and attitudes, though the machinery was good, and they walked about and moved their hands and heads in very good style. The piece was 'The Generous Sultan,' who summoned his prisoners before him, and released them after conversing some time with each and hearing their several tales. The buffoon was a smaller figure, who jumps about as natural as life and affords great entertainment. The dancing on the tight-rope and a figure throwing all its limbs off, and then putting them on again, were

much applauded. Unfortunately the piece this evening was not 'Dr. Faustus,' which is still better performed. Many grown-up persons and young children were present to see this exhibition of 'Punch.' For my part, I laughed very heartily.

Saturday, March 22.—I dined at Baron Itzenplitz's, and met a party of military men and some ministers of state. In the evening paid a visit in due form to our ambassador's, and then went with Mr. Frere to Count Reden's, the minister of mines and director of the porcelain manufactory. He is a very sensible man, speaks English very well, and is an admirer of English literature and customs. His wife is an agreeable woman, the daughter of an old lady whose husband was a colonel in our service during the American war. Count Reden told me the ores in the Prussian mines are very poor in general—three or four per cent. metal—yet still paid well for the working. Many thousand people were employed in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg. Coal is found in this district, also in Silesia. The salt works in the Prussian States are very considerable, yet salt is

Count Reden.

imported from Liverpool to supply the great consumption. Some specimens of French and Berlin porcelain manufacture were exhibited; the French work was allowed to be the best and the most highly finished. Notwithstanding the quantity of such fine work done at Berlin every week, scarcely a day passes without Count Reden's signing a permission for rich foreign porcelain to be imported. The demand increases every month, although these articles are very high priced.

Schools of Industry.

I went with Baron Itzenplitz this forenoon to see the Industry schools, as they are called, established and supported by private contribution. There are several of these schools in different parts of the town, in which five hundred boys and girls are taught to read, write, cypher, and plain work. The children showed considerable progress in arithmetic, and solved questions that would have puzzled me. They are all taught to sing; the master played a song of Mozart's on a violin, and a pretty chorus in which all the children joined; they are taught to sing without notes, only by ear. These schools

have been established some time, and succeed very well. In Berlin there are about 16,000 paupers who receive charity; this makes one in ten, the population being 160,000—a great proportion. The funds are derived not from any poor rates, but from part of the Government revenue appropriated for these purposes under the direction of a minister *operum piorum*, and from voluntary subscriptions and alms, &c. The expense of the poor is about 150,000 thalers annually in Berlin.

Sunday, March 23.—Dined at the ambassador's; drank tea, and might have supped, with a literary party at Hermstadt's; met Professor Wolfe there, the translator of Thompson's 'System of Chemistry,' a clever man, who had learnt English alone, without a master: he did not venture, however, to talk in that language. Klaproth and others were present. Humboldt was to have been there, but was prevented by indisposition. It is remarkable that he has not been well since his return to Berlin; the northern climate does not agree with him: he was never once indisposed during his journey, exposed to

intense heat. He intends soon to make another journey into some parts (eastern) of Asia, hitherto unexplored as far as relates to the mineralogy and physical history. His companion, Bonpland, is a young man, merely a good botanist; all the other scientific parts are done by Humboldt himself. He is a man of good fortune; his brother is Prussian minister at Rome; he has refused several employments because he is determined to make another voyage of discovery.

Hermstadt lives in an excellent house built for l'Ecole Technique, for teaching chemistry and the arts to workmen and manufacturers. The lectures are not yet begun, but Hermstadt is engaged in preparing them, and he is busy in revising and improving his course of pharmacy, which will be soon published.

Here I had a long political discussion with a privy councillor with respect to the conduct to be pursued by England. I told him my opinion freely, and he could not deny the application of the fable of 'The Monkey and two Cats!'

At twelve o'clock went to hear Professor

Fichte deliver a lecture upon the new transcendental philosophy. This professor is a disciple of Kant, but he has pushed his speculations much farther than his master, and is considered the profoundest philosopher and the greatest genius that ever lived. In the summer he lectures at the university of Erlangen, and in winter gives a course of lectures here, one every Sunday noon, for which subscriptions are received, or anybody may enter by paying a dollar. About 120 persons were present, to hear what ?—to hear a little costive fellow expound and pronounce words without meaning, and old truisms, with all the pomp and solemnity of a new discovery. As far as we could understand anything of this discourse (and three of us puzzled our brains to make out anything like sense), it was to show the nature and essence of our absolute existence, and to prove that God was love. The nonsense was incomprehensible, and it was a matter almost incredible how such a man should have so many hearers, some of them very sensible men; some ladies were present. Professor Fichte has lately published some of his lectures on

A lecture by Fichte.

'Liberty and Necessity,' and a view of the present state of moral and political science in the world.

Prince Hatzfeldt's mansion.

Monday, March 24.—Went with Baron Itzenplitz and his wife to look at Prince Hatzfeldt's house, lately fitted up at a vast expense, and now to be sold, for the Prince is piqued at not being made a general. The house is large, and contains a great number of rooms, some of them fitted up in very magnificent style; glitter and gold prevail throughout. The furniture comes from Paris and Lyons, and is of the newest fashion. Everything is quite foreign: a mixture of French and German taste, and a mawkish mixture indeed it is. The walls and ceilings are all decorated with paintings of Chinese figures, naked nymphs and fine-feathered birds, and the floors and staircase are covered with brown paint to spare washing and save the look of dirt. The *tout ensemble* is a sort of gingerbread fairy castle or small Vauxhall, and seems quite calculated for ladies and gentlemen who come there to amuse themselves and be amused, but has no title to domestic comfort. The prince has spent

upwards of 15,000*l.* sterling, and would be glad to get half his money again. The situation of the house is good, in the town, with a small garden behind it, an ice-house, &c., and separate rooms for all the servants and people, who eat, drink, sit and sleep, each in one hot, narrow, small room. The baron determined not to buy this house; it is not what he wants.

The Princess of Holstein.

Very different is the house opposite, which belongs to the Princess of Holstein, to whom I was introduced, and took a letter and pamphlet for her son Prince Bariatinsky in England, who is going to marry Miss Dutton.[1] This Prussian princess is immensely rich, and lives in very handsome style; she has large landed property, and is a great friend to all agricultural improvements. She was very gracious and polite, and desired me to come and see her if I returned to Berlin.

Cabinet of minerals.

Professor Karsten sent me a note this morning, appointing one o'clock for looking at the royal cabinet of minerals. This is an

[1] Prince Bariatinsky married in 1806 Frances Mary, third daughter of the second Lord Sherborne; but his lady died in the following year, leaving a son.

elegant building called Münz-Gebäude, or Mint House, consisting of several rooms for the minerals, a lecture-room, and dwelling-house for the professor. The arrangement is very good: 1st, the foreign productions; 2nd, native or *inländische* minerals; and 3rd, the systematic collection in cases around the lecture-room; and in the central octagon room is a superb collection of all the finest specimens put miscellaneously together, to please strangers and amateurs! In this collection some of the most curious and interesting mineral productions are to be found, besides several private collections united. The Emperor of Russia has lately sent a complete collection of the stones of Siberia; and the king purchases large and rare morsels whenever he can get them. The largest piece of amber yet discovered is in this collection; it was found in Silesia. Some curious figures cut out of granite brought by Humboldt from Mexico and Peru, and some specimens of lava from Chimborazo. The professor is a modest, intelligent man.

A Mr. Gibson, an Englishman, and a gentleman whom I had met before but forgot

his name (a Prussian minister formerly at Rome), looked over the cabinet with me. Mr. Gibson had travelled a great deal in Italy and Greece, and must of course be a philosopher, because he told me he had a collection of stones and medals at home. One circumstance amused me much: we wrote down our names in a book, and my countryman put down, '*de Gibson à Dantzick*,' meaning I suppose, that he was now a Danzick nobleman, as if that were better than a plain untitled English gentleman. I was tempted to inscribe myself with a Herr von by way of quizzing such affectation. This is not the only instance of such absurd vanity in English travellers: e. g., Colonel Duff puts on his card his name, and then 'Comte héréditaire de Fife!' because he happens to be the nephew of the Earl of Fife, and the noble earl has at present no children. Such nonsense may do well enough to humbug the Germans and Russians, who think only of orders and stupidity and stars; but one would think a little modesty might conceal such folly from meeting the eyes of those who know better!

Anglo-German titles.

Leaves Berlin.

Tuesday, March 25.—Took leave of my friends and left Berlin. The Ville de Rome is a tolerably good inn, but a most expensive one (1½ dollars—4*s.* 6*d.*—per day, for two rooms); the lodgings dearer than in an hotel in London: you pay more and fare much worse than at the Hummums. My *compagnon de voyage* was Captain Carey, an officer in the 10th Regiment of Foot, who came to the Continent to acquire the German language; his regiment is at Gibraltar with the colonel, General Fox.

Journey to Hamburg.

From Berlin to Hamburg, the distance is thirty-six German miles; the Prussian government, in its lenity to strangers and travellers, would not raise the price of posting, but have lately shortened the miles and consequently increased the number of them. For each horse, eight, ten, and twelve groschen, and we had three to pay for, though always driven with four. The stations are long—three, four, and five German miles—and we never went one of these within the hour. When a courier travels, the postillion is obliged to go one mile at least within the hour, and for this exertion he is paid extra, and so

are his horses. The country around Berlin is one continued scene of flat sandy soil, uncultivated and unimproved. For the first post station the road is paved (*chaussée*); but the rest is sandy and muddy, and pools of water are often in the middle of it. How strange that the military are not employed to bring stones, and to work at these roads, to render the conveyance of goods and travellers from Hamburg to the capital of Prussia more easy and more expeditious! The country is so thinly inhabited that sometimes we saw not a human being for six hours together; the villages poor, black, and dirty. The neglect of cleanliness is beyond belief, and even when people look decent, the examination must not go beyond their outside. To detail the cheating tricks and impertinence of *wagenmeisters*, *schwagers*, &c., would be a long and thankless task. It is something to say they are nearly as bad as in Austria—never civil, never satisfied, and always exorbitant. We travelled night and day, never stopping more than an hour (once two hours) at any place, and reached Hamburg on Friday morning! Three nights and three days

going a distance of about 150 English miles! It was some consolation to reflect that this was the last German journey; and the idea of going towards England cast a lively gleam over the difficulties of such a tedious route. We passed through a part of Sweden, met Swedish soldiers at the outposts; the army being quartered in the neighbourhood.

Hamburg. The entrance into Hamburg, and the approach to it, convey the notion of a free and rich commercial town. The number of houses in the environs, the country boxes, the furniture and ornaments of these city villas, and, above all, the number of people and carriages running about the streets and roads, form a striking contrast to the dull, monotonous aspect of Berlin, and seem to indicate something like the bustle and noise of London. We were advised to go to the 'King of England' hotel, but I suspect our adviser had never been in any other inn, which might be cheaper and cleaner. The Stadt London, or St. Petersburg have a far better appearance. In all the shops and streets one hears English talked, and the

people are dressed either in English clothes or in coats, &c., made of English cloth. We went to the French play, where two singing pieces were given—'Une heure de Mariage,' in one act, and 'Helena,' an opera, in three; both of them entertaining and respectably performed. To my ear, the French language is far more agreeable than the German on the stage, and the ease and indifference of the French comedians is very pleasing. The play-house is small, but well lighted; most of the boxes are let. The parquet is the genteel part of the house for strangers and gentlemen; the entrance two marks. Unluckily for us who came to be amused, this was the last night of performing before Easter. A concert was to be given at the theatre on Sunday.

Called upon Thornton and Power, who invited me to dine with him (Mr. Thornton) at his country house on Sunday. Dined at a French restaurateur's—good dinner at a cheap rate; several Englishmen there (*more gentis*), talking politics.

Saturday, March 29.—Walked about the town. The tradesmen in the shops, and the

waiters and *laquais de place* all speak English, and are fond of talking any language but their own. Dined at the *table d'hôte* at our inn (König von England): bad dinner and dull company. The English character is not adapted for a *table d'hôte*; each man is too independent, too proud, and too fond of pleasing himself, to dine quietly all off the same dishes at the same hour, and to converse and be civil with people whom perhaps he never saw before and may never meet again. In the evening went to a concert at the German theatre: the performance very indifferent; the singers had no powers of voice, and yet chose to sing nothing but Italian airs; they pronounced the Italian words very ill, and the fiddlers murdered the music. Why they did not attempt some plain German music I cannot tell. The music was so dull that I could not sit with patience to hear it all out.

A villa near Hamburg.

Sunday, March 30.—Hired a carriage, for which I was obliged to pay nine marks, besides *trinkgeld* to the coachman, to go to Mr. Thornton's, about three English miles distant from Hamburg. A very handsome

house, built in the English fashion, situated in a fine spot on the banks of the Elbe. Mr. Thornton has a large family—eleven children, is very rich, and lives in great style. Twenty persons dined at his table to-day, among whom were two Danish officers, a Hanoverian general, some English or German merchants, Mr. Quentin Dick, and myself. The dinner was served up late, and was scarcely ended before the company got up from table to run away home, because the gates at Hamburg are shut at seven o'clock, and are never opened after once being shut, upon any occasion whatever. The hour of shutting the gates varies one quarter of an hour every week, so that in the month of December the good people are locked in at four o'clock in the afternoon, and in June at eight. In the way to Mr. Thornton's house I passed through Altona, apparently a rich and flourishing town. Its situation so near to Hamburg is singular; the houses, or rather the *faubourgs* of Hamburg, reach up to Altona, and the only difference between the free town and the Danish city is a small gate which separates one from the other. Num-

bers of Jews live at Altona, because no Jew is allowed to possess any property in Hamburg; they go backwards and forwards to transact their business there. A letter came from the English consul during dinner announcing an order from the King of Prussia prohibiting any English ships with English merchandise to enter the Elbe after the 4th of next month, and at the same time an order from the consul for all British ships to quit the river immediately, to prevent their being seized. This measure will throw all the merchants into great consternation, and serve to increase the hatred of Prussia's policy. The people are all very violent against the French and *their allies*. The inhabitants of Hamburg dread much the despotism of Prussia; they are afraid of being annexed to the Prussian monarchy. Hamburg contains about 100,000 inhabitants.

Preparations for war.

Tuesday, April 1.—Set sail in a packet from Hamburg to Cuxhaven with twenty other passengers — some English, Russian, and German; luckily there were two rooms, and the smokers were all together in one,

Cuxhaven packet.

where they smoked, drank, and played cards all the night whilst we slept. We set sail with a fair wind and ebbing tide, but the wind failed and the tide flowed in, so the anchor was cast; we got to Cuxhaven after twenty-four hours' tedious and dirty suffering. The distance from Hamburg to Cuxhaven is eighteen German miles, for which we, being strangers, paid eight dollars, although the regular fare is only six. The Elbe is a noble river; it was crowded with ships sailing away out of port, for the Russian and Swedish ships are ordered to quit in consequence of this singular measure of the Prussians.

Wednesday evening, April 2.—Arrived at Cuxhaven: the harbour is half-an-hour's walk from the town called Ritzebettel. No packet here; the last sailed yesterday with Mr. G. Jackson, who came with the despatches. Took a little room at the English hotel, a poor sort of country inn. All the inns put up a title of tavern and hotel in English to take in strangers. Fifteen hundred Prussians are quartered in the people's houses. A

battery is to be raised on the shore; cannon already there.

Delay at Cuxhaven.

Tuesday, April 8.—Here is a week passed without any occurrence worth relating; the same daily inanity, the same scenes and a slight variety of faces made up all the history. Several passengers have arrived, and are gone to England in great haste in a fright with a merchant vessel that takes the mails. The captain offered no beds and no accommodation, and took many passengers, so that I thought it the wisest measure to wait a few days for a packet. He sailed on Sunday. It is unaccountable that no packets are arrived, since the wind has been fair for several days past. Mr. Fisher, one of the king's messengers, is waiting for despatches; he is a great man, sits in the arm-chair at the head of the table, smokes his pipe every day after dinner, and talks away on politics like any big jack in office.

Last night went to the play in a barn; the performers are so scarce in consequence of a quarrel amongst them, that a woman who squinted and was well gone in years represented the 'Gnädiger Herr' as a lover, and a

fat damsel, a mother of a family, was the coy maiden of the piece.

Wednesday, April 9.—Our party at dinner was increased to-day by the arrival of Mr. Sparrow, a king's messenger, with despatches from Vienna, and Mr. Sampson, his wife and two children. Mr. Sampson is an Irish barrister, the friend of O'Connor, and he took an active part in the rebellion in Ireland; he has been living in France four or five years past, I believe as an exile or outlaw; lately he has been staying at Hamburg, and has now obtained permission to return home. His appearance bears marks of care and anxiety; he is about thirty-six years of age, shrewd, quick, and intelligent. Mr. Sparrow is an elderly man, well behaved, but pompous in his manners; his style of talking was very entertaining. He had come from St. Petersburg to Vienna, and had slept on the couch at a post-house near Brünn, where Bonaparte had spent several nights; the French officers and attendants laid upon straw in an adjoining room, two mattresses only being in his own. No packet arrived to-day or Thursday. The officers of the Prussian garrison all dined on

An Irish patriot.

board the English gun-brig 'The Spy,' Captain Hodgson, Thursday; they all are very favourably disposed towards the English; the old colonel kissed the navy captain on deck when he took leave, to the great entertainment of the sailors.

A king's cutter arrives.

Friday, April 11.—A king's cutter (the 'Lord Keith,' Lieutenant Anderson) came in this morning, said to be from a cruise, but in fact sent from Yarmouth with Mr. Monro, with important despatches for our ministers at Hamburg and Copenhagen. The commanding officer on this station ordered this cutter to take home the messenger and the mails, and we passengers were glad of such an opportunity to get away. For it was uncertain whether any packet would come again to Cuxhaven. This ship brought the news of an embargo being laid upon all Prussian vessels in English ports—a measure I have every reason to think was quite unexpected by the Prussian government, although they were stupid or wicked enough to provoke it by their aggression. Mr. Sampson and his family, Mr. Sparrow, and myself, were the

Embargo by England on Prussian vessels.

only passengers; the accommodations were decent in the cabin—not so clean as in a packet, but much about as convenient. For my part, I wanted little more than a bed and a basin, both which were supplied. The wind blew very strong on Friday evening; the surf was very great, and our boat was twice near being overset in going from the shore to the cutter; it was saved once, being filled with water, by the activity of our English sailors, who cut away some part of the boat's sails entangled with the ship when alongside of her. The German character is ill-calculated for a seafaring life, so slow and so unfruitful in resources in time of danger. They charged 24*s.* for taking us and our luggage on board. I paid 5*l.* for my passage to the master. The wind was in our favour, the cutter a good sailer, so that in thirty-six hours we were off Lowestoft, a distance of 240 English miles; but owing to the darkness of the night and badness of the weather—for rain and snow fell—we lay-to during Sunday night, and the next morning made for Harwich; the sea is generally so rough at Yar-